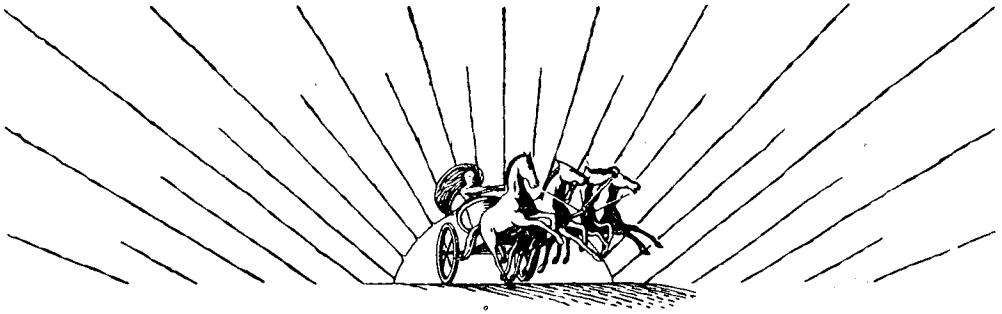

THE LIVING AGE

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The Guide Post

For over a century the *Lancet* has been the weekly medical Bible of England, and perhaps the leading medical publication in the world. It would represent the last court of appeal on such a question as the harmfulness of tobacco. This being the case, our editors were quick to seize on Sir Humphry Rolleston's recent pronouncement, which has behind it not only the prestige of the magazine but also the author's own reputation. He is the holder of innumerable degrees, the fellow of medical colleges in several countries, and the author of a number of standard medical works.

* * *

The fact that the official publicist of Fascism, Francisco Coppola, should scoff, in the semi-official Fascist journal at Rome, at the programme of Geneva is consonant with Italy's skeptical attitude toward disarmament. As for Luigi Villari, he gives us a less local view. The *Oxford Magazine*, to which he contributes, has no political affiliations in England or elsewhere, and its treatment of Mussolini's much-discussed scheme for doing away with strikes should be authoritative.

* * *

Captain Cook seems as far a cry from Frankfort as Voltaire does from Budapest, but in printing these two historical articles the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Pester Lloyd* are in the best traditions of German journalism, which always tries to savor the news of the day with literary sauce of one kind or another. The Frankfort paper is one of the leading liberal papers in Central Europe, and *Pester Lloyd* is the German-language daily of Budapest, and on the whole the best paper in that city.

* * *

Readers of the Tory *National Review* are the type of English aristocrat to whom the future of the English country house is a matter of as vital concern as apartment houses are to our middle classes over here. Many of these same aristocrats are also readers of the *Saturday Review*, the leading Tory weekly. The sympathies of this paper are not so pro-American as those of the *Spectator*, which perhaps accounts for Mr. Priestley's frank discussion of the United States. Incidentally, Mr. Priestley is the author of the newly published book on Meredith in the English Men of Letters series, which will be reviewed by Sir Edmund Gosse in one of our forthcoming issues.

* * *

Siegfried Sassoon attracted wide attention after the war with his pacifist poems, and made a lecture tour of this country shortly after they were published. His verses on New York appear in his latest book, entitled *Satirical Poems*.

* * *

The brother of Anton Chekhov needs no introduction. His description of his household appeared in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, a popular journal edited by the widely known and universally loved T. P. O'Connor, the Father of the House of Commons.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *JULY 10, 1926* — NO. 4279

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

French Politics and Finance

In current discussions of French finance two points stand out which are by no means novel, but require reiteration. The first is that France's monetary, Budget, and debt difficulties are mainly political; the second is that she is economically sound and prosperous. André Tardieu, whose political independence makes him as fair a judge of his country's condition as any Frenchman in public life, wrote in *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* the middle of June: 'In my opinion the seriousness of the financial crisis is due solely to political uncertainty. Our financial situation is serious in itself, but by no means desperate. France could put herself on a sound and solvent basis and stabilize her currency a thousand times easier than several countries that have successfully surmounted similar difficulties.' This is supported by oft-quoted Sisley Huddleston, perhaps the best-informed British resident of France on such matters. Speaking particularly of the currency, he writes in the *New Statesman*, after quoting a paragraph of detailed figures: 'Four fifths of the note circulation of France is represented by credits of the bank on the State. If these credits, on the one side, were wiped out, and the notes issued upon them wiped out on the other side, the remaining notes would be comfortably covered by the immediately realizable reserves of the bank. . . . Apart from the State borrowings, the bank has kept its own credit. The gold reserves have only slightly diminished, if one omits the gold reserves abroad, but they have augmented by 1,730,287,000 francs, if one tables upon those foreign deposits.'

France's reluctance to ratify her debt accord with the United States is as serious an obstacle to financial stability as is the reluctance of her citizens to pay the taxes necessary to keep the Government solvent. Philippe Bunau-Varilla, of Panama Canal fame, concludes an analysis of the agreement in *Le Figaro* by declaring that its ratification should be accompanied by a joint resolution of both Houses of the French Parliament to the effect that it will obligate France only in case she receives full payment from Germany under the Dawes Plan. Auguste Gauvain, writing in *Journal des Débats*, of which he is the editor, makes virtually

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the same recommendation, although he points out that French constitutional practice does not recognize the right of Parliament to attach such qualifications to its acts. He suggests, however, that our Government could not protest against a procedure that the American Senate constantly adopts. He would have the reservations apply first to France's capacity to pay, and second to her right not to pay anything in excess of what she receives (that is, from Germany). He further urges that France defer any action upon the accord until the American Senate has ratified it. 'Instructed by our experience of 1919, we must not expose ourselves a second time to an affront from that body.' He adds that delay in ratifying the debt compact will have no appreciable effect upon the monetary situation.

'The news that the accord had been signed did not improve the standing of the franc, and we have no good reason to think that the ratification of that compact would produce a better result. Indeed, if the ratification merely made it easy to obtain loans from American banks, it would awaken lively apprehensions among many of our people, who believe that such a prospect would only make it more difficult than ever to balance our Budget.'

The deputies have not made themselves popular with their constituents by endeavoring to raise their own salaries from twenty-seven thousand to forty-two thousand francs per annum, notwithstanding that they could plead the rapidly rising cost of living in justification. The man in the street does not see why his elected representatives should treat themselves to such increases while he is being urged to economize. We are told also, though such conjectures are to be accepted with reserve, that Royalist as well as Fascist sentiment is growing. In fact, the death of the Duc d'Orléans last February gave a boost to the Monarchist movement, because his cousin, the Duc de Guise, the new aspirant to the throne, has resided in France all his life and was honorably mentioned for his services in the war, although he was not permitted to serve as a combatant. He has now gone into exile at Brussels, but his wife has been making herself popular at Paris, and even the Bonapartists, who have no adult candidate for the throne since the death of Prince Victor Napoleon, are said to favor his claims.

Mediterranean Manœuvring

DIPLOMATIC fencing for advantages in the Mediterranean never ceases. Although international rivalries there may not be as acute as they were when Germany was a party to them, *Le Quotidien* accuses the Fascisti of pressing their country's claims with 'language like that of the German Nationalists before Agadir.'

England's accord with Angora was greeted by the Continental as well as the London press as an important victory for her Foreign Office. *Le Temps* described it as 'assuring peace in that part of the East . . . a success such as British diplomacy has not had for a long time.' *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, which surveys Europe's wrangles dispassionately from its Swiss observation post, described it as 'a diplomatic victory of the first order.' Though the treaty's terms were not popular in Turkey, it terminated a period of strain between the two countries most unpropitious for the domestic reforms and reconstruction so close to the hearts of her leaders. 'Angora's deep-seated distrust of Great Britain was easy to understand. From the Armistice to the Treaty of Lausanne the English were obviously trying to push northward the Irak frontier — a questionable move from the standpoint of international law which boded no good

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to Turkey. She therefore felt convinced that British agents favored or instigated the Kurd revolt last year, and, feeling herself isolated, she sought aid from Russia.' For a time Angora hesitated between peace and war. 'London took this possibility more seriously than it publicly admitted.' In order to ward off the danger, Mussolini was encouraged to adopt an 'aggressive oratorical' attitude in the Levant, which deterred Turkish chauvinists from going further with their plans.

The substance of the Mosul agreement is generally known. Turkey obtains a slight rectification in her favor of the so-called Brussels line between her territories and those of Irak. A neutral zone is established along the frontier; Angora receives ten per cent of the petroleum revenues from the Mosul district for a period of twenty-five years, and presumably a British loan in addition; and a guaranty of her territorial integrity.

These advantages, which are of vital value to the new Government, did not make the treaty popular. Although the Turkish Assembly, which is admirably disciplined, ratified it almost unanimously, the press greeted its acceptance with sullen resignation. One leading paper described it as 'a success neither for the nation nor for the Government,' whose advantages, if any, it must be left to the future to disclose. Another prominent journal declared that Mosul in the hands of Irak would continue to be a hotbed of Kurd intrigue. In general Turkish comment betrayed cynical distrust of Great Britain's honesty of purpose in the treaty, and was particularly skeptical as to any let-up in her campaign of economic expansion in the Near East.

On the other hand, the British press greeted the accord with the utmost good cheer; and simultaneously the following rosy Bagdad dispatch appeared in the *Morning Post*: 'Irak's brilliant prospects as a cotton-growing country are for the moment under a cloud. Its hopes in the world of oil were never brighter. But what, exactly, are these hopes, and how do they account for the prominent place of oil in all post-war discussions on Irak?

'The first item — a great and accomplished fact — is the activity in the Persian Gulf zone of Asia of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The second, recently promoted on probation from hope to actuality, is the field of the same company in the Transferred Territories. The third, still at the stage of fancy only, is the future output of the Turkish Petroleum Company. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company, with its immense prestige for wealth and magnitude within a wide radius from its fields, has more than anything else cast an oleaginous radiance over Irak. Its fields are in the heart of Persia. Its port and refinery are at Abadan, its offices at Muhamrah in Persia. It uses neither capital nor labor from Irak. With negligible exceptions, its whole enormous output is borne by its tankers through Persian waters to the open Gulf. Circumstances, meanwhile, have led to large migrations of British officials employed in Irak to the company's service, since Sir A. T. Wilson left the Civil Commissionership for a director's chair in 1920. This all leads to propaganda, intercourse, familiarity. The company's interest in the Transferred Territories, an area transferred from Persia to the Bagdad vilayet of Turkey by the Frontier Commission of 1914, after the d'Arcy Concession has assigned the oil rights in Persia to the company, is more important. Drilling on a large scale has been concentrated

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since 1921 on promising strata at Naft Khanah, twenty-five miles south and east of Khaniqin. It long failed to give commercial results, great initial pressures proving, time after time, to come from mere gas-pockets quickly exhausted.

'The last few weeks have seen all this changed. The oil has appeared, with every sign of copiousness. A pipe line to Khaniqin, and a large refinery there on a site recently acquired, are immediately in hand, and will be working within the year. Pipe lines to Bagdad — to Syria itself — may come later. The Turkish Petroleum Company is to-day what — or scarcely what — the Transferred Territories were yesterday. The concession, given to an international group in 1925, covers all Irak save the Basra vilayet. It is fairly drafted, and is being vigorously used. For several months geologists of every nation and language have scoured Irak. Their results, the indication of drilling sites, are to be closely followed up. No wonder that new hope springs up in Irak.'

According to French interpretation, the effect of the Mosul settlement extended to Morocco, where Italy, disappointed in her hope of joining Great Britain in a predatory attack on Turkey, is seeking a pretext for extorting concessions. The Italian claim was that the surrender of Abd-el-Krim, who was regarded for purposes of argument as an independent sovereign, created a new situation in Morocco, calling for an amendment of the Algeciras arrangement in which Italy demands to have a say. At the very least, it shifted the balance of power in the Mediterranean, and Italy was therefore entitled to one more notch of the steel yard in her favor. *Resto del Carlino*, the leading Fascist paper of Bologna, suggested that this compensation might take the form of special guaranties to the Italians in Tunis. These claims probably hastened a private accord between France and Spain, adjusting their respective rights and obligations in Morocco, which is said to have been reached at Paris the latter part of June. This put a quietus, at least for the time being, on the talk of calling a new international Morocco conference. In fact, Mussolini and the Fascist press seem unintentionally to have promoted a prompt and peaceful solution of troublesome controversies at both ends of the Mediterranean — in Morocco as well as Turkey.

Italy seems to regard Great Britain with mixed feelings. Doubtless with the large Italian colony in Egypt in mind, papers like *Tribuna* and *Messagero* were gratified because England took a strong stand against Zaghlul Pasha after the last election. That gentleman incurred unpopularity at Rome when he declared that he would never ratify the cession to Italy of Jarabub, the disputed oasis on the Libyan border. On the other hand, the Nationalist press was thrown into paroxysms of excitement by the announcement that certain documents from the Russian diplomatic archives, lately published by the Soviet Government, contain a detailed record of Allied conversations in London during the war in the course of which Russia and Great Britain vetoed Italy's claims to Smyrna. *Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini's Milan organ, printed an article by the Premier's brother Arnaldo, declaring in substance that the Allies, in cheating Italy out of Smyrna, were guilty of abominable and calculated treachery. 'The Italian people now know they were betrayed by their war allies, and will not forget the treatment meted out to them.'

Egyptian politics have quieted down somewhat since Zaghlul's followers and allies swept the polls. Adly Pasha

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Yenghen, Chief of the Liberal Party, which stands a shade more to the Right than Zaghlul's Radical Independents but works in coöperation with them, has taken over the Government. But the situation remains as disturbing as ever for Great Britain, whose four reservations to Egyptian independence continue to be a rock of offense. These are: her right to maintain a garrison in Egypt in order to protect her communications with India; her status as defender of Egypt against foreign aggression, and as defender of foreign interests and minorities in Egypt against the native Government; and her control of the Sudan. In respect to the first and the last of these — and they involve the second and third as corollaries — England will be inflexible. But nevertheless she is dealing with sensitive and excitable adversaries. Zaghlul Pasha is a man of ability, but suspicious, touchy, and intensely patriotic, with a trace of the irritability that comes from uncertain health. He has been called Egypt's Parnell. His ascendancy over his people is unbounded, and the new Cabinet exists by his grace. An unpleasant note has been added to the situation by the extraordinary leniency shown to the conspirators accused of assassinating Sir Lee Stack by the Mixed Court, against whose judgment Judge Karshaw, the British representative on that tribunal, protested by resigning.

The fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Egypt's mixed courts of justice occurs this year. Under the old capitulations, lawsuits to which a foreign resident of Egypt was a party were tried before the consular court of his Government. But great commercial cities like Alexandria, with a large alien mercantile population, afforded so much litigation, not only between foreigners and Egyptians, but also between foreigners of different nationalities, that mixed courts were given jurisdiction over all these cases. Most of the suits are noncriminal, and last year no less than twenty-five thousand of them came before these tribunals, including the original courts and the Court of Appeal. There are sixty-five judges on these bodies, of which forty-three are foreigners and twenty-three Egyptians. All are appointed by the Egyptian Government, the foreigners upon the nomination of their own Governments. The courts administer their own affairs, and are more than supported by their fees.

Minor Notes

CARDINAL BONZANO, the Papal Legate, took advantage of his passage through Paris on his way to the Eucharist Congress at Chicago to allude indirectly, in a newspaper interview, to the anticlerical laws in France. 'America is a land of liberty. Religious congregations over there can hold property and teach without interference. In Europe we are expected to be grateful, and we esteem outselves very lucky, if we are accorded any little fragment of liberty. Over there our liberty is unrestricted. Ah, in that respect we have much to learn from America. Although the Catholics are in a minority over there, — perhaps twenty milllion in a population of one hundred and ten million, — they know how to make themselves respected. . . . At Chicago the whole population will show its respect for the Sovereign Pontiff. Is n't that admirable in a country where the Catholics are, let me repeat, in a minority?'

AUSTRALIA'S Parliaments are rather expensive affairs. Those of the States and the Commonwealth together cost in the aggregate over five million dollars a year, or well toward one dollar per capita for the population. When we

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consider that less than six million people are blessed with seven Governors, six Upper Houses, seven Lower Houses, and seven Ministries, and that there are 649 Members of Parliament, whose salaries range from fifteen hundred to five thousand dollars a year, the popularity of proposals to curtail this source of public outgo is easily explained. That argument does not apply, however, to the effort of the Labor Premier of New South Wales to abolish the Legislative Council, which is an honorary body of unsalaried members whose perquisites, including free railway travel, are not much of a burden on the Treasury. But the Upper House is elective in all the other States except Queensland, where it has been abolished. The survival of the system of appointment in New South Wales and the reactionary temper of the Upper Chamber — possibly due to this fact — are the real causes of the present controversy, which may not result in the abolition of that body, but in its reform along democratic lines.

ALTHOUGH the movement of merchandise from the United States through the Suez Canal to Asiatic destinations has fallen off decidedly since 1913, principally on account of a decline in petroleum and railway materials, the quantity moving from Asia to our ports has increased remarkably. In 1913 the latter shipments amounted to 895,000 tons, of which only four thousand tons were carried in American vessels. Last year they were 1,813,000 tons, one third of which was borne under our flag. The latter fact is due largely to the establishment of the Dollar Company's Around the World Service, and the decrease in outbound shipments to Asia via Suez is doubtless accounted for, at least in part, by the competition of the Panama Canal.

THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE

MUNITIONS MAKER. 'As long as it's run by military experts, why should I worry?'
— *Vorwärts*, Berlin

LIGHT IN FAR PLACES

A Japanese fancy of America, Italy, and Norway at the North Pole.
— *Miyako*, Tokyo

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MEDICAL ASPECTS OF TOBACCO[1]

By SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON

[THIS paper was read by the author, who is Regius Professor of Physic — not physics — at the University of Cambridge, before the Harrogate Medical Society, last April.]

TOBACCO smoking is very ancient, and its history shrouded in the obscure clouds of its own smoke, for it has existed in South America and the West Indies from very early times; and in China old undated monuments bear engravings of pipes. In North America there is a tradition that during a time of dire famine a Heaven-sent maiden descended among the Hurons and wrought a miracle by causing Indian corn, potato, and tobacco to spring up.

In 1492 Christopher Columbus discovered, not only America, but the island of Tobago, and the chiefs of Cuba in the act of puffing rolls of tobacco leaves, a primitive form of cigar called 'tobago.' The Spaniards learned smoking in America about 1560, and it was first introduced into England by Sir John Hawkins in 1565 or by Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585. Jean Nicot VI, the French Ambassador to Sebastian, King of Portugal, sent some tobacco seeds, which he obtained from a Flemish merchant at Bordeaux, to Catherine de Medici in 1559, and this led to its use in France and to the immortalizing of his own name in those of the plant, *Nicotiana tabacum*, and of nicotine — one of the many instances of man getting more credit than is his due. Dr. C. Singer, however, points out that André Thevet, in his *Singularitez de la France antarctique autrement nommé Amérique*, published at Paris in 1558, stated that he brought the seeds of the tobacco plant to France and started growing it there in 1556, or three years before Nicot.

About this date Cardinal de Sainte Croix, Papal Nuncio to Portugal, and Nicolo Tornaboni, Nuncio to France, first introduced tobacco into Italy as a cure for the *morbus gallicus*, or syphilis, and called it the *herbe sainte*. The name tobacco has also been derived from the language of the island of St. Domingo. 'Tobacconist' originally meant one who smokes and not the seller of the commodity. The word 'cigar' probably comes from the Spanish *cigarar*, 'to roll,' and the spelling 'segar' occurs in Twiss's *Travels through Spain*, published in 1733, and is not unfamiliar now.

The use of tobacco since its introduction into this country from America by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585 has, like other innovations, good or bad, excited opposition as well as welcome. Henry Buttes, 'Master of Artes and Fellowe of C.C.C. in C.' in his *Dyets Dry Dinner Consisting of eight severall Courses*, which appeared in 1599, made tobacco the last course and said that 'it cureth any grief, dolour, opilation, impostume, or obstruction proceeding of cold or winde.' King James I, in his famous counterblast of 1604, vigorously condemned it; Raphael Thorius, a Fellow

[1] From the *Lancet* (London medical weekly), *May 22*

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of the Royal College of Physicians and a devotee of tobacco, wrote *Hymnus Tabaci sive de Pacto* in 1627, and with Matthew Gwinne, also a Fellow of the College and a poet, had the hardihood to argue in favor of the weed in a medical disputation held at Oxford for the edification of James I in 1605. William Barclay, 'Mr. of Art and Doctor of Physicke,' in *Nepenthes or The Vertues of Tobacco*, published at Edinburgh in 1614, recommended it for many diseases, — dropsy, arthritis, gout, epilepsy, — and as an 'antidotte of hypochondricall melancholie.' He must have been rather an optimist, for he continues: 'It prepareth the stomache for meat; it maketh a clear voice; it maketh a sweet breath,' and after further extolling its medicinal powers, 'in few words it is the princesse of physical plants.'

In 1615 the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge found it necessary, as, indeed, he probably would even in these more enlightened days, to proclaim that 'no graduate, scholler, or student presume to take tobacco into St. Mary's Church, upon payne of finally expellinge from the University,' and Charles II forbade Cambridge men 'to wear periwigs, smoke tobacco, or read their sermons.' In *A brief and accurate Treatise concerning the taking of the Fume of Tobacco which very many in these dayes doe too too (sic) licenciously, use*,' by Tobias Venner, 'Doctor of Physicke in Bathe,' printed at London, in 1637, it is written: 'Indians call it *petun* or *petum*, which indeed is also the fittest name that both we and other nations may call it by, deriving it of *peto*, for it is farre fetcht and much desired. And thus much for the name.' He adds that 'it is hot and drie in the third degree, and hath a deleterialle, or venemous qualitie, as I suppose: for it being any way taken into the body, it tortureth and disturbeth the same with violent ejections both upwards and downwards, astonishes the spirits, stupifieth and benummeth the senses and all the members. To conclude, therefore, I wish them that desire to have *mentem sanam in corpore sano* altogether to abandon *insanum præposterumque Tabacci usum*.' In 1624 Pope Urban VIII published a decree of excommunication against snuff-takers, and Innocent XII extended this to smokers in 1690. In 1634 smoking had been prohibited in Russia on pain of having the nose cut off.

Strange as it may appear, Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans smoked tobacco, though the Society of Friends and the Salvation Army banned this form of indulgence. As recently as the early fifties in the last century tobacco was at a very low ebb in this country; snuff was going out of fashion, and the increasing practice of smoking was regarded by society as a low, vulgar habit, suitable indeed for laborers, Bohemians, and the scum of society, thus re-echoing King James's, 'Surely smoke becomes a kitchen far better than a dining chamber.' In 1857 there was much discussion in the *Lancet* on 'The Great Tobacco Question: Is Smoking Injurious to Health?' In the previous year Samuel Solly, F.R.S., surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, asserted that it was one of the causes of general paralysis, and in the correspondence that later raged he quoted three cases of delirium tremens in nonalcoholics in the hospital due to smoking, and stated that it caused spermatorrhœa, a condition then attracting undue attention. A more modern and very keen anti-tobacconist, H. H. Tidswell, who regretted that he acquired the habit in the medical school of St. George's Hospital, considered that 'it may truly be described as suicide or self-destruction by early installments,' and regarded it 'as a form of narcophilia which may soon develop into narcomania, dulling

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the intellect and poisoning their wives by their smoky breath, thereby causing sterility,' thus recalling the lines in the well-known 'Ode to Tobacco,' which appeared in C. S. Calverley's *Fly-Leaves:* —

> How they who use fusees
> All grow by slow degrees
> Brainless as chimpanzees,
> Meagre as lizards.
> Go bad and beat their wives,
> Plunge (after shocking lives)
> Razors and carving knives
> Into their gizzards.

At the present time there is a vigorous antitobacco crusade in the United States of America, where, in 1913, it was calculated that the yearly consumption was 5.59 pounds per head of the population, as against 2 pounds in this country. There is thus, as in other ways, a parallelism of the views held about alcohol and tobacco, but it is at least doubtful if prohibition in America will embrace weeds as well as wine.

Pipe smoking is, of course, a very ancient way of using, or, as it was once expressed, drinking, tobacco, as the finds in prehistoric graves testify. Makeshift pipes of very various kinds, such as the rather grim utilization of the thigh bone of a child or the more commonplace knuckle bone of a lamb, are described in *The Pipe Book*, by Alfred Dunhill. The earliest written accounts of a tobacco pipe are those in Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes's *Natural Hystoria de las Indias*, and in Jacques Cartier's narrative of the exploration of the St. Lawrence estuary, published in 1526 and 1536 respectively. The first refers to a Y-shaped tube the two prongs of which were apparently held in the nostrils, thus confirming the view that smoking was evolved from inhalation, and describes as a very bad vice that of the Indians in taking the smoke, which they call tabaco, in order to lose consciousness. Cartier describes the Indians using 'a hollow piece of stone or wood like a pipe — that is, like the musical instrument which that name denotes.' Some of the prehistoric pipes were straight and more like the modern cigar or cigarette holder than the now familiar pipe.

Cigars of scents were smoked in India in the seventh century A.D., but the rolling up of tobacco leaves appears to have been initiated later, though it was in existence when America was discovered; Thevet in his *Cosmographie Universelle*, published in 1575, gives an illustration of Indians smoking cigars shaped like cornucopias. Cigar smoking was popularized in this country by officers who learned it in Spain during the Peninsular War, early in the last century, and cigarettes were similarly brought from the East as a result of the Crimean War, but did not become really common until thirty years later. The first well-known man in society to smoke cigarettes was Laurence Oliphant, the brilliant mystic and author, who brought the habit from Russia. The influence of war is shown by the much greater frequency of women smokers during and since the Great War, and as perhaps an aftermath the recent action of some railway companies in relaxing the regulation against smoking in waiting-rooms and labeling some carriages 'nonsmoking.'

Tobaccos vary considerably in their nicotine content. Cavendish tobacco contains 4.15, Latakia 2.35, and mild honeydew 1.6 per cent. According to the *Lancet's* analysis, pipe mixtures have the highest nicotine content, and British cigars a higher than Havana. The nicotine contents of the tobacco and of its smoke, however, do not vary directly, the way in which the tobacco is smoked and the degree of combustion being the important factors. Thus Virginia cigarette tobacco

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contains 1.4 per cent, or nearly twice as much nicotine as Manila cigar tobacco, and yet the cigar smoke contains more than double the amount of nicotine in the cigarette smoke; the smoke of Virginian cigarette tobacco contains 1.06 per cent only of its nicotine content when smoked as a cigarette, but when burned in a pipe 37 to 53 per cent of its nicotine content. The degree of combustion is most complete in cigarettes of all kinds, least in a pipe, and midway in the case of cigars. In pipes as much as 70 to 80 per cent of the nicotine in the tobacco may pass into the smoke. A good deal, however, turns on the length of the mouthpiece. A long pipe is, therefore, better than a short one. Thus a clay pipe or a churchwarden allows the nicotine to condense in the stem to such an extent that very little passes into the smoke. As the nicotine collects in the moist area of the cigar behind the burning tip, and may, if it does not undergo complete combustion, be carried into the mouth by the hot smoke, a thick or moist green cigar is more harmful than a thin or a dry one, and the bitter end should be abandoned and a half-smoked cigar not relit. It has been stated that a smoker who relights a pipe or cigar absorbs more poison than he would from ten ordinary smokes. According to Dixon, the smoke of one cigar contains as much nicotine as twelve or eighteen cigarettes.

The general opinion is that cigarette smoking is the form likely to give the worst results, then cigars, and lastly pipes. According to other authorities, the order should be reversed. The evil reputation of cigarettes has been ascribed by Turney, who speaks of them as 'the smokers' L.S.A.,' to their patronage by the unstable neurotics who are unable to stand cigars and pipes. Two reasons given for the more evil influence of cigarette smoking are: (*a*) that many more cigarettes than pipes are smoked, and (*b*) that cigarette smoke is inhaled, whereby nicotine and carbon monoxide are more certainly introduced into the body, and furfurol exerts its irritating effect on the mucous membrane of the nasopharynx, and produces a smoker's throat and cough. According to Armstrong, cigarette smoke contains up to one per cent carbon monoxide, but more when smoking is rapid than slow; an Havana cigar smoked quickly giving as much as eight per cent, or the same proportion that exists in South Metropolitan gas. The blood of cigarette smokers may show CO absorption even up to five per cent.

On the other hand, cigarette smoke is diluted more freely with air than pipe smoke, 80 as compared with 50 per cent, and a heavy cigarette smoker commonly consumes less tobacco than a pipe or cigar smoker; often he is like a patient with a tic and throws the cigarette away when half smoked, so that the larger the number of cigarettes used the smaller is the amount of each consumed. The content of nicotine in cigarette smoke is much less than that in the smoke of pipes, that of cigar smoke being between these two extremes. The effects of cigarette smoking appear to be due chiefly to carbon monoxide, pyridine, furfurol, and ammonia, whereas cigar smoke is powerful mainly on account of its nicotine content.

There appears to be some divergence of opinion as to the influence of the cigarette paper; some say that it is harmless, others, as Kionka, that the paper collects the products of distillation, which are volatilized and absorbed. Virginian cigarette smoke contains furfurol, and the *Lancet* analysis states that one cigarette will provide as much as two ounces of whiskey, while Turkish cigarettes supply very little, and cigars and pipe tobacco none.

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Furfurol, pyridine derivatives, ammonia, and carbon monoxide are distillation products from vegetable material, and are not, like nicotine, in any way special to tobacco, but they may, by their irritating effects on the mucous membrane of the throat and upper air passages, in some degree account for the evil reputation of cigarettes.

Cigar smoking usually gives a much greater feeling of satiety than cigarette or even pipe smoking. Much, no doubt, depends on the condition — moist or dry — of the weed, and whether or not it is smoked to the bitter end. The state of the pipe, clean or foul, and the length of the stem also bear on the effects produced. Cartridges or plugs, to absorb the products of combustion, as in Sir Morell Mackenzie's and other hygienic pipes, which seem to have gone out of fashion, may diminish the bad effects. The other methods of 'using tobacco,' like chewing and snuffing, are said to be attended by so little absorption of nicotine as to be comparatively free from harmful effects.

'Tolerance' to smoking tobacco is usually acquired within a short time, and is due to the slow destruction of nicotine in the human body by a ferment, and so long as destruction keeps pace with absorption toxic symptoms are avoided. But idiosyncrasy to the effects of tobacco is not uncommon, and may be quite active and prevent acquisition of tolerance or only render the individual indifferent. Though tolerance may be lifelong, it often diminishes with advancing years, especially, I fancy, with the presence of arteriosclerosis; hence old people give up the habit as the result of experiencing unpleasant symptoms, such as giddiness, cardiac irregularity, or pain. Idiosyncrasy shows itself in the curious way in which some persons can smoke a considerable amount of tobacco in the form of cigarettes, but none in a pipe or as a cigar. Tolerance may be modified or even abolished by disease — for example, by influenza. Sometimes a confirmed smoker may, without being conscious of a change in the quantity or quality of the tobacco smoked, be knocked over, as if he were a novice. Some specialists consider that the tolerance is of a limited character, and that when a seasoned smoker oversteps the mark he suffers more than the novice because his tissues are already saturated with nicotine.

The first sign of failing tolerance is a vague distaste of tobacco, which may lead to frequent trials of new brands or mixtures. It has often seemed to me that the average man has, roughly speaking, a certain capacity for smoking, and that, if he is a very heavy smoker for some years, his smoking life, so to speak, is thereby curtailed. There are, of course, many exceptions, but that such a rough relation exists between consumption of tobacco and the duration of tolerance seems not improbable in the light of what we have learned concerning carbohydrate and protein metabolism, in which excessive sugary or meaty diets may in time lead to diabetes or gout.

Tobacco smoking becomes a habit, and no doubt there is a considerable psychological element in the act, for a man may be quite happy, at any rate for a time, with an empty or unlit pipe in his mouth; and I have known a porcelain cigarette, resembling in appearance a chocolate one, to console a constant smoker. An extreme example of the influence of the cigarette habit was a man I met nonprofessionally during the war, who told me that he smoked one hundred cigarettes in the day, which, supposing each cigarette had ten minutes' life, would provide more than sixteen hours' occupation daily. He had given it up, with the

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result that his work was so interfered with that he returned to his cigarettes. The way in which cigarette abstinence interrupted his work was not, as I supposed, by making him feel restless, but by stopping his writing through his becoming conscious that his left hand was automatically fumbling on the table in front of him where the cigarette box stood in normal times.

Is tobacco smoking an addiction? Opinion on this point may differ. Some investigators admit that the inveterate cigar smoker must continually be absorbing a small quantity of nicotine to keep his nervous system in a comfortable state, and that the constant cigarette consumer feels the need of carbon monoxide, but deny that smoking is an addiction. This question turns on the meaning attached to the word 'addiction,' and may therefore be a verbal problem. The Ministry of Health's Departmental Committee on Morphine and Heroin Addiction defined an addict as 'a person who, not requiring the continued use of a drug for the relief of the symptoms of organic disease, has acquired, as a result of repeated administration, an overpowering desire for its continuance, and in whom withdrawal of the drug leads to definite symptoms of mental or physical distress or disorder.' That smoking produces a craving for more when an attempt is made to give it up, as Charles Lamb has so graphically described in 'The Confessions of a Drunkard,' is undoubted, but it can seldom be accurately described as overpowering, and the effects of its withdrawal, though there may be definite restlessness and instability, cannot be compared with the physical distress caused by withdrawal in morphine addicts. To regard tobacco as a drug of addiction may be all very well in a humorous sense, but it is hardly accurate.

During the Plague of London smoking was regarded as a sure protection against the disease, and women and children, and boys at Eton, had lessons in this prophylactic measure. Even now some smokers proclaim that smoking immunizes them against influenzal infection. It is true that *in vitro*, or when otherwise confined in a receptacle, tobacco smoke has a bactericidal effect which persists after filtration through cotton wool; and so, as nicotine is thus removed, its deadliness to germs is due to other bodies, such as pyrrol and formaldehyde. But in the mouths of smokers Puntoni found that tobacco smoke has very slight bactericidal powers, even for microörganisms possessing very little resistance to antiseptics. In the past tobacco was employed as an enema to relax muscular spasm so as to allow a dislocation to be reduced, and, with rather less reason, — that is, so far as its antiseptic properties were concerned, — as an external application for many other conditions, such as wounds and ulcers, erysipelas, the itch, syphilis, and cancerous growths; and to relieve pain in rheumatism and after operations. Infusion of tobacco has occasionally been used as an abortifacient, and in Germany young women are stated to seek employment in tobacco factories with this object in view. The spasm of bronchial asthma may be reduced by smoking, but only when it is carried to a nauseating degree. Tobacco has dropped out of the British Pharmacopœia, but it certainly has its uses, especially as a sedative, as every smoker knows; it may act as a charm for the fidgets. I remember a lady in a small Scottish village who got relief from the postprandial fidgets only by smoking one of her husband's pipes, and was hard put to it to conceal this method from her servants when they came into the room unexpectedly.

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In the same way that many more therapeutic effects than are now recognized have been ascribed to the use of tobacco, so have numerous evil effects been referred to its abuse. Now, as tobacco smoke contains nicotine, carbon monoxide, and pyridine bases, and as it undoubtedly has a familiarly striking effect on raw youths, it must be acknowledged that it perhaps has evil effects. Some of them will be mentioned; but, considering the universality of the habit and the large number of heavy smokers, the comparative rarity of undoubted lesions due to smoking is remarkable. In this respect there is a great contrast between the price paid by those who smoke and those who drink alcohol to excess. It has sometimes been argued that these methods of meeting the need for narcotics go hand in hand and that smoking leads to alcoholic indulgence; but probably few smokers would admit this indictment, and, indeed, the contrary may well be argued — namely, that as a sedative and narcotic the popularity of the tobacco habit has ousted alcoholism. But there can be little doubt that the injurious effects of excessive smoking are materially augmented by, if not in part due to, simultaneous alcoholism.

Nicotine exerts, as Langley showed, a definite action on the nerve cells in the path of the autonomic nerve-fibres, first exciting and then paralyzing them. It is therefore to be expected that smoking will, in virtue of the nicotine and the carbon monoxide contained in the smoke, affect the nervous system, and a large number of such manifestations occur in disposed persons. Binet, from a review of experimental observations, concludes that tobacco exerts a toxic effect on the brain. Muscular tremor, similar to that of Graves' disease or senility, can be produced by tobacco in some individuals with the regularity of a laboratory experiment, and, as in the case of vertigo, have been ascribed to chronic poisoning by carbon monoxide; in others jumpiness and irritability, or neuralgia, vertigo, insomnia, or headache are produced. Mendenhall's investigation of the physiological effect of smoking, which points to the sensory and motor effects being mainly due to nicotine, shows that the immediate results are conditional on the state of the sensory mechanism; when this is depressed the immediate effect of smoking is to produce stimulation, and when the sensory mechanism is hyperexcitable smoking exerts a depressing effect. But the depressing effect on the sensory threshold is much more prominent than the stimulating influence. Motor reactions are disturbed in the direction of diminution of efficiency, especially of the finely coördinated movements. Turney describes transient motor paralysis consequent on slight overexertion or pressure on nerves to this cause, and also accepts transient aphasia as due to tobacco, but these must be very exceptional.

An important question is the influence of smoking on the higher intellectual centres. After a transient preliminary stimulating effect on mental processes, during the act of smoking, its sedative effect develops. It is rather alarming to find that in America two thousand psychological tests on medical students showed that smoking lowers mental efficiency from 10 to 23 per cent, and especially the faculties of imagery, perception, and association. Adolphe Abrahams, while recognizing that these tests may not be conclusive, believes that smoking diminishes general capacity for work, impairs memory for names, and renders sleep less refreshing; and Turney, who admits to being a moderate smoker, considers that some of the indolence, dreamy apathy, and premature senility often seen in heavy smokers is due to their indulgence.

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He also refers to migraine and epileptic fits as being increased by smoking and as disappearing when the habit is abandoned. That psychoses are originally due to excessive smoking is probably rarely, if ever, true; more often the constant smoking is a manifestation of a neuropathic constitution. But it would be difficult to deny that abuse of tobacco may do harm to a neuropathic person, and so be a contributory factor.

It is said that tobacco amblyopia, or dimness of vision, is almost entirely due to excessive pipe smoking, and that a foul condition of the pipe is an important, if not essential, cause. According to Weidler, though amblyopia is specially associated with the use of shag, it is rarely due solely to smoking, alcoholism being an accessory, thus illustrating the action of two poisons combining to exert a powerful influence. Complete abstinence from both poisons and full doses of nux vomica should lead to a cure, but relapse of the amblyopia may follow if the excessive use of the poisons is resumed. It is said that in tobacco amblyopia the dilatation of the pupil resulting normally on stimulation of the skin of any part of the body is either in abeyance or is produced only by increased stimulation.

Deafness is ascribed to smoking, and is probably due to extension of pharyngeal catarrh to the middle ear, but it has also been ascribed to tobacco's toxic effects on the internal ear. It is an interesting question whether the accompanying vertigo is due to toxic effects, including vascular disturbance, on the semicircular canals, thus being analogous to tobacco amblyopia, or whether it is central.

On the heart the unpleasant effects of smoking may be divided into:—

(*a*) The 'tobacco heart' of young smokers, characterized by palpitation, rapid action, and frequent extrasystoles.

(*b*) Irregularity of heart action at any time of life and more noticeable after fifty years, when extrasystoles are common and more easily induced. The late Sir Clifford Allbutt wrote: 'One case is known to us of a man whose general health is excellent, who is by no means a neurotic subject, and whose heart stands work well in all other respects, in whom intermittence of the heart may occur for many days if he remain for an hour or two in a room with many smokers. He dare not sit in a close smoking-room or in the smoking compartment of a railway carriage. The intermittence may not begin until the next day, or the next but one, but then comes on with the certainty of a laboratory experiment; it gets worse during the next day or two, and then gradually passes off in a few more days. He never suffers from any cardiac disorder unless exposed to tobacco, but this proclivity has hung about him for many years. He has no dislike to the drug, nor does he feel any immediate discomfort from it.'

I have no doubt that Sir Clifford was here describing his own symptoms, and often thought of this when he hospitably handed cigarettes to his guests ignorant of his idiosyncrasy. For the possible comfort of smokers with extrasystoles it may be mentioned that coffee also causes extrasystoles, and that the effect of abstinence from coffee, and perhaps tea, may be worth a trial before definitely deciding on 'no tobacco.'

(*c*) Angina and anginoid pain due to smoking are more often seen in the later half of life. Manifestations of the more severe form of angina are said to be rare. I have seen it in two doctors fond of cigars, and have heard of others. It may be noted that nicotine, unlike adrenalin, constricts the coronary in

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addition to other arteries, thus offering a reasonable explanation of angina. Sir Clifford Allbutt, who was rather critical of the subject, expecially of Huchard's hypothesis of spasm of the coronary arteries, had seen only three well-marked cases, and obviously considered that cases of true angina had been thus described. No doubt there is a merciful tendency to take this view if possible, and it may be comforting to quote Mauriquand and Bouchat's definite dictum that angina due solely to tobacco is never fatal; but the obvious difficulty is to be certain that a given case is entirely due to tobacco. The late Sir Richard Douglas Powell and others have classed the tobacco cases as vasomotor or false angina. Minor degrees of anginoid pains, such as substernal oppression and tightness of the chest on exertion, such as to stop the patient in going uphill, are not uncommon. Attacks of syncope sometimes appear to be due to smoking. The pulse of smokers is usually somewhat faster than it is when they have given up the habit, and the average pulse-rate in smokers is some ten beats a minute faster than in nonsmokers.

A point of some interest is the effect of smoking on physical efficiency. The prejudice against smoking by athletes while training is very old, and, though it is open to discussion, seems still to be on the whole generally approved. From a statistical inquiry into 304 male students at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, Earp found that the nonsmokers were more successful both in scholarship and athletics than the smokers. From inquiry from athletes I gather that the most successful are nonsmokers, and that some, but not all, are convinced from their own experience that smoking handicaps them. Adolphe Abrahams, however, from very considerable experience of athletes, is not convinced that tobacco alone makes more than the most trivial difference to an athlete who trains well in other respects. An old Cambridge Blue for the quarter-mile told me that he gave tobacco up on one occasion for a few weeks without any improvement in his time, and that Sir Clifford Allbutt told him that in his experience it took six weeks to get the nicotine out of the system. The question might arise whether or not the popular belief that smoking impairs the wind is explicable as the effect of nicotine or, as might seem more probable, of the carbon monoxide produced by smoking combining with the hæmoglobin and so paralyzing some of the red blood corpuscles.

Tobacco smoking raises the systolic blood pressure from five to twenty millimetres Hg, the diastolic pressure being less influenced; at the same time the rate of the heart, as just mentioned, is increased by about ten beats per minute. The rise of systolic blood pressure is transient, and after half an hour falls to normal or below. In moderate and habitual smokers who have acquired tolerance the fall of blood pressure is gradual and the soothing effect of tobacco probably compensates for the changes; indeed, apart from any other factors confirmed smokers tend to have a low blood pressure. In young people without acquired tolerance to tobacco the initial rise of systolic blood pressure is suddenly followed by a fall which may be so considerable as to cause the familiar symptoms of collapse; and this may last for an hour or more. Although it is rarely seen in ordinary practice, there appears to be some evidence that tobacco smoking produces sufficiently severe spasm of healthy blood-vessels to cause definite symptoms. Spasm appears to be induced more often and, perhaps, more readily in arteriosclerotic than in healthy vessels, and possibly

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tobacco smoke may, in virtue of its nicotine content, be responsible for anginoid and cardiac pain and for angina abdominis.

Experimentally, nicotine produces definite arterial degeneration in rabbits. The late Sir Clifford Allbutt, a nonsmoker, reviewed the question of the causal relation to arteriosclerosis in his open-minded manner in 1915, and came to the comforting conclusion that, if tobacco smoking is a cause at all of arteriosclerosis, it is a very slow one, at any rate to most persons, so that its effects being mingled with other conditions of senility are almost impossible of discrimination; and ten years later, in his last message, he did not find any later evidence to weaken his opinion that the effect of tobacco in causing hyperpiesis or senile atheroma, if any, is negligible.

The responsibility of the irritation of the lip produced by the hot stem of a clay pipe in causing squamous-celled carcinoma, or cancer, is now mainly of historic interest, as clay pipes have largely gone out of use. The sore tongue and the white patches of leukoplakia on the tongue of smokers are well known. Among Fournier's 324 cases of leukoplakia, 80 per cent were syphilitics, but other estimates are lower, down to 50 per cent. Among 40 cases analyzed by Fox two women only were nonsmokers, and 35 were habitual smokers, but syphilis appears to be an underlying cause, and is probably responsible for the great majority of the cases that develop into carcinoma.

The effect of tobacco on the stomach is important. X-ray bismuth meals have shown that after a short period of increased contractility the motility of the stomach becomes paralyzed for an hour or so. As the subjective feeling of hunger very probably depends on contractions, the relief of hunger by smoking may be thus explained. It is said that dilatation of the stomach may thus result. According to Linkint the potassium sulphocyanide in smokers' saliva inhibits protein digestion, and nicotine diminishes the secretion of pepsin and rennin. When accompanied by oral sepsis excessive secretion of saliva may lead to gastritis. In the rather rare tobacco dyspepsia inhibition of sympathetic nerve responses may cause exaggerated vagal action and pyloric spasm, thus imitating duodenal ulcer. The comparative infrequency of tobacco dyspepsia may serve as an excuse for quoting the parody:—

To smoke or not to smoke, that is the question,
Whether a mild cigar assists digestion,
Or whether it begets a kind of quaintness.

The stimulating effect of nicotine and pyridine compounds on the intestine may in intolerant young people cause rapid diarrhœa, and in seasoned individuals serve a useful purpose in promoting defecation. On the other hand, spastic constipation may result, and even enterospasm of various parts of the colon, with persistent abdominal pain most resistant to any treatment other than abstinence from tobacco.

On the respiratory tract, tobacco smoking is responsible for pharyngeal catarrh, which may spread to the larynx and bronchial tubes, causing cough, hoarseness, bronchial catarrh, and so emphysema of the lungs. The irritating effect on the throat and upper air passages exerted by cigarette smoking has been ascribed to the furfurol, pyridine, and ammonia cigarettes contain, and not to their nicotine.

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DISARMAMENT IN CHAOS[1]

BY FRANCISCO COPPOLA

THE Preparatory Commission upon Disarmament is in session at Geneva. Italians shrug their shoulders when this is mentioned. They are right, but they may also be wrong. Everyone knows, to be sure, that nothing will be done. The reasons for this are many and obvious; and — disregarding the fundamental historical, political, and moral absurdity of the very idea of compulsory disarmament and enforced peace, which is tantamount to immobilizing history in a strait-jacket — these reasons are both theoretical and practical.

First as to theory. A reduction of armaments means reducing a nation's fighting ability, or else it means nothing, or, worst of all, it is a lie. Let us take it to mean, then, reducing a nation's military strength. But, as I had the pleasure of telling the League Assembly last September at Geneva, we cannot reduce the military strength of a State unless we are able to measure that strength before and after the operation. And in order thus to measure it, we must do one of the following two things: measure merely the country's professional army and navy, which is easy enough to do but gives a misleading and erroneous result; or measure all the things that go to make up a nation's fighting power — its wealth, the character of its people, its prosperity both present and potential, its finances, its economic resources, its industries, its scientific attainments, its political stability, the moral as well as the material factors in its nationality — all the things, in a word, that make a nation a formidable antagonist. If we attempt to measure these things, which the French call 'war potentials,' we are undertaking an immeasurable task. In fact, it is a task so immense that it is impossible — impossible because some of the things we must take into account are imponderables, impossible because they are diverse in their character and incommensurable as between different countries, impossible because some of them cannot be investigated and verified unless we usurp the sovereignty of the nation concerning which the inquiry is made.

Such an inquiry is impossible, furthermore, because it contemplates a labor so vast that it would take an interminable time to finish it, and when it was finished it would already be out of date.

Notwithstanding the absurdity of this task, however, the League of Nations proposes to adopt that method. Consequently, the Preparatory Commission has begun its labors by a debate *de universis rebus et de quibusdam aliis*.

Now as to the practical obstacles which the Conference encounters. Russia, whose authorities frankly declare that they intend to overthrow the present social system in Europe, who entertain imperialist designs in Asia, and who maintain and are constantly training a huge army with these objects in view, is obviously one of the greatest present threats to the peace of the

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world. Yet she is taking no part in these deliberations, and is not a member of the League. She has a guaranty, however, thanks to Germany's preventive veto, that after that country becomes a member the League will never take active measures against her. But as long as the Russian threat remains, with all the possibilities of a general Asiatic revolt that it implies, the Western Powers would be committing suicide to disarm.

Another point. Of the Powers that are represented on the Commission, England and the United States want to see land disarmament without naval disarmament. In other words, they wish to have other countries disarm and to remain armed themselves. This would still further guarantee the undisputed hegemony that they now exercise over the world. It is natural, therefore, that the other Powers will not consider, far less consent to, such a measure.

France is moved by the need of conciliating her voters at home, and of preserving her reputation abroad as a great exponent of democracy, and by *captatio benevolentiæ* toward the Anglo-Saxons — in other words, by demagogical considerations in every instance — to affect a desire to disarm. But in reality, notwithstanding her financial distress and her decreasing population, she has not enough trust in Locarno and in the prospect of Germany's joining the League to be honestly willing to disarm.

Italy, out of regard for her own security and influenced by an inexorable need for expansion, does not want disarmament, and does not pretend to want it. Neither does Poland, who fears Germany, Russia, and her own huge national minorities, and also expects a great foreign war and has civil war lurking at her doors. The Little Entente does not want disarmament, for it fears Austro-German union and the resurgence of the Magyars. Rumania does not want it, because she is trembling for Bessarabia. Greece does not want it, because she fears for the safety of Thrace and Macedonia. Japan does not desire it, for she is still intent on her prey in China, and is afraid of Russia, America, and England. China, ravaged by fire and sword from Harbin to Canton, and eager to expel the Japanese, American, and English invaders from her territory, has no thought of disarming. Neither has Kemalist Turkey, founded on a military dictatorship, distrustful of her neighbors, and eager to reassert her suzerainty over Syria and Mesopotamia. Even the British Dominions, young, ardent, and greedy for power and territory, do not want to lay down their weapons. Neither do the South American republics, distrustful as they are of each other and of their great northern neighbor. Probably the only nations that really desire general disarmament are Germany and her allies in the war. For they are already disarmed, and would like to have the other nations placed on a plane of equality with themselves. I imagine that the only people who really want disarmament as a matter of principle, in the orthodox, Geneva definition of the word, are our dear Scandinavian brothers, who have not fought for almost one hundred and twenty years, and who worship the pure and integral tenets of social democracy on the threshold of the Arctic with the humanitarianism of Nansen and the pacifism of Nobel.

It is true, on the other hand, that this is a peculiarly propitious hour for discussing universal disarmament. Germany, who only three months ago started a noisy campaign against Italy, which is her guarantor quite as much as the guarantor of France under the Rhenish Pact, has practically repudi-

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ated the obligations — even the spirit — of Locarno by concluding her treaty with Russia, in which she has solemnly promised the Soviet Government unconditionally to paralyze the League of Nations in any action against Moscow, although she has not yet become a member of that body. And Pilsudski, Poland's Socialist Marshal, who was a general of the Central Powers during the Great War, and figures to-day as the *condottiere* of inflation, and may become to-morrow, as our incorrigibly democratic Europe fails to see, the Kerenskii of a Social Democratic revolution, has seized power at Warsaw, thanks to a military revolt combined with a general strike. So Poland threatens to become, instead of a barrier between Germany and Russia, an open pathway between the two countries. France, therefore, is threatened for a second time with the loss of her alliance in the rear, and Europe with the loss of its laboriously erected balance of power. At the same time Geneva itself is involved in a conflict over the allotment of seats in the League Council, which has stirred up passionate discords all over the world. And from Morocco to China an Islamic, Greater-Asiatic, anti-imperialistic, anti-Western, anti-European revolt is flaring up with new violence.

Under such conditions Italians have some reason to shrug their shoulders over the new academic debate concerning disarmament started at Geneva.

ITALY'S NEW LABOR POLICY

BY LUIGI VILLARI

[THE author is a well-known Italian publicist whose mother was an Englishwoman and whose father, Pasquale Villari, was an eminent Italian scholar and statesman.]

FROM its very beginnings the Fascist movement had a syndicalist tendency; its founder and leader, Benito Mussolini, had belonged to the syndicalist wing of the Italian Socialist Party, and among the hundred and fifty men who formed the first *Fascio* in Milan, on March 23, 1919, many were syndicalists. But it was not until Fascism conducted its vigorous and successful onslaught against the Red organizations of the Po Valley in 1920–21, and masses of industrial and agricultural workers joined it, that it evolved a regular labor policy. In the statutes of the Fascist Party, drafted in December 1921, it is declared that Fascism cannot ignore the historic fact of the development of the labor corporations, but wishes to coördinate that development for national ends. That is the essence of the Fascist labor policy — that the labor unions must be developed and encouraged, but with a national patriotic character.

The two chief organizers of the Fascist labor movement, apart from Mussolini himself, were Edmondo

[1] From the *Oxford Magazine* (Oxford University student weekly), *June* 3

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Rossini, afterward President of the Confederation of Corporations, and Michele Bianchi, now Undersecretary for Public Works. Their original idea had been to group all the productive forces of the country — capitalists, experts, managers and clerks, and workers — under the same unions. But this was found to be unworkable in practice, and separate corporations were created for each category within each particular form of occupation. But all were equally subordinate to the common interests of production — that is, of the community as a whole; and this is, indeed, the most original conception of Fascist labor policy, constituting the essential difference between that policy and the policy of the preëxisting Red organization, which either was definitely antipatriotic or, at all events, ignored patriotism and refused to consider the interests of any class except that of the manual laborer.

This Fascist labor policy seized hold of the imagination of the people, while the greater efficiency and honesty of the Fascist corporations, as compared with the Red unions, appealed to more practical considerations. An even larger number of workers of all grades joined the corporations, and in many cases whole unions went over in a body. This fact should be borne in mind as explaining the widespread popularity of the Fascist movement as a whole. Without that general support of the working masses its political success would not have been possible. By May 1922 the Fascist syndicates comprised 500,000 registered members; when the Fascist Government came into power they were 700,000 or 800,000; and to-day they are 2,150,000, and are increasing day by day.

The Confederation comprises the various national and regional federations, corporations, and syndicates representing the union of different trades, arts, and professions interested in one branch of work or industry. The organization is on a strictly hierarchical basis, with the Confederation at the top, the local syndicates at the bottom, and the various intermediate organs in between.

While the Fascist organizations acquired ever-increasing power and prestige, the old Socialist organization gradually lost authority, and it was through the former that employers negotiated labor contracts with their employees. Finally, in October 1925, the Industrial Federation agreed to recognize the Fascist corporations as the sole representatives of Labor, and the Council of Ministry, in November, drafted a bill whereby labor syndicates may be legally recognized and compulsory arbitration is established. The bill became law on April 3, 1926, and constitutes one of the most daring innovations in labor legislation ever yet attempted.

The associations of the employers, of workers, of experts, of professional men, and so on, may be legally recognized, provided that, in addition to their economic objects, they look after the moral and national education of their members, that their heads offer guaranties of capacity, morality, and undoubtedly national sentiments, that in the case of employers' unions they employ at least one tenth of the workers of the particular trade in question, and that in the case of workers' unions they comprise at least one tenth of the workers employed in that trade. These unions are invested with representative powers and act for all persons of the category for which they are created in their district, including those who have not registered as members, and they may impose a contribution on all persons thus represented. Recognition may not be conferred on more than one union for

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each category in each district, but other unions may exist as *de facto* organizations. The chairman and secretary of each union are elected according to the rules laid down in its statutes, but must be approved by the Minister or the Prefect of the province. Unions of civil servants and of employees of the local bodies and of public charities cannot be legally recognized, but may exist as *de facto* associations, while no such unions are permitted in the fighting services and in certain Government departments such as the Foreign Office. Non-Fascists may be admitted to the unions provided only that they are not *antinational* revolutionaries.

Particularly interesting are the clauses concerning labor disputes. All such conflicts, whether they arise over the interpretation of existing contracts or in connection with demands for new contracts, come within the jurisdiction of the special labor sections attached to each Court of Appeal. These labor courts are composed of a President of Section and two Appeal Judges, who are assisted by two citizen assessors selected by the President of the Court of Appeal, as experts in questions concerning production and labor, from a panel created for the purpose. Strikes and lockouts are, in consequence, prohibited; employers who close their works in order to force their employees to accept modifications of the existing contracts, or workers who, to the number of three or more, cease work by previous agreement or perform it in such a way as to interfere with its regular course, are liable to fines and imprisonment, the punishments inflicted on the employers being severer than those inflicted on workers. The decisions will be based on actual laws, when such exist, and otherwise on general principles of equity and on the conditions of production.

In April last the whole of the labor organization was placed under the supreme authority of a newly created Government Department, the Ministry of Corporations. This Ministry, of which Signor Mussolini himself will be the head, assisted by an Undersecretary and a very small staff, will have for its object the coördination of the various activities of the different unions, in conformity with the general principle that all persons engaged in productive occupations must contribute to the general welfare and act in the interests of the community as a whole. When the various interests come into conflict it is only the State that can decide as to the corporation rights and wrongs. In some cases the decision will be taken directly by the Ministry; in others, where such a solution is not possible owing to the too great divergence in the views of the parties in conflict, by the Labor Court. In no case, however, will the parties in conflict be allowed to take justice into their own hands, and more than private individuals are allowed to do, and cause prejudice to third parties in connection with the dispute and injury to production.

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CAPTAIN COOK'S DEATH [1]

BY HEINRICH ZIMMERMANN

[Two copies of a book long supposed to have been irretrievably lost, containing a personal narrative of Captain Cook's famous voyage by a German member of his crew, have just turned up in Switzerland and in Frankfort on the Main respectively. The following passages describe the death of the famous navigator in the Hawaiian Islands in 1779.]

DURING the night between the said thirteenth and fourteenth, a boat was cut away from our ship, the Discovery, and stolen. It was the best boat we had. I was on watch on the forward deck at the time, and as soon as I discovered the theft, at daylight, and reported it to Mr. Commodore Cook, he immediately ordered six boats to be manned with seamen armed with guns and side arms. Four of these boats were to guard the harbor entrance and prevent any native canoe from leaving. With two he personally went to the shore, landed with Mr. Phillips, the Lieutenant of Marines, and about twelve men, and ordered the ship's lieutenant, Mr. Williamson, to remain in the boats with the rest of the men, who were about fourteen in number.

Mr. Cook had in mind arresting the king and bringing him to the ship and detaining him there as a hostage, in the same way that he had done at Ulibra (*sic*) Island, until the boat was returned.

An immense throng of natives gathered when we landed, and, realizing that they were guilty, urged the king not to accompany us, and the latter refused to do so. An old woman laid a cloth down on the ground between the king and Mr. Cook to signify that the Captain must not bring him across it. Mr. Cook started to bring the king by force, whereupon the natives began to throw little stones at him. He, who had previously been venerated by the natives as an idol, was angry at this and fired his double-barreled shotgun among them. He then seized the king again by the hand and dragged him with him across the cloth on the ground.

One of the natives standing directly behind Mr. Cook stabbed him with an iron dagger, several of which the Captain had caused to be made after the pattern of the native wooden daggers I have previously described and to be given to these people. The native drove the dagger in at his right shoulder and forward toward the left, striking the heart. Mr. Cook fell to the ground dead, and our men on land fired a volley among the natives. The natives immediately rushed our men, killed four of them, and wounded three others. The members of the ship's crew were furious over the death of their Commodore and wanted to take vengeance upon the natives.

Mr. Clerk, now that the principal danger was over, was not willing to take vengeance on the natives, — I know not for what secret reason, — but endeavored to get Captain Cook's body

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *May 25*

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by friendly negotiations and to restore peace with them. The ship's people did not think that either thing could be done, for we had already seen the natives carrying the body up the mountain. All night long several huge fires burned on that mountain, and we could hear the people howling constantly with joy.

On the eighteenth of February we resumed taking on water. At that time about thirty Ehris came down the mountain in a single file toward us, each carrying a green branch in his hand. They wished to make peace. Mr. King took them with him to the ship, and Mr. Clerk promised them that hostilities should cease if they would bring back the body of the Commodore. They promised this, and the next day the same people brought back a part of the head and several gnawed bones and the right hand of Mr. Cook, which latter we could identify by a familiar wound on the thumb made previously when he was hunting. They gave us to understand that these pieces were the parts of the body which had been allotted to them. Mr. Captain Clerk gave them presents and promised them still more if they would bring back other pieces. A day later they brought some more mutilated portions of the body and Cook's double-barreled gun, which had been broken to pieces, and gave us to understand that they had collected these things from their relatives.

We now realized that it would be impossible to get the whole body, or any more portions of it, and that the rest had already been eaten. Therefore, on the twenty-first of February, we buried these pieces with the usual services at sea.

I believe I owe it to the memory of this man, who was one of the greatest of our times, to describe him here a little more fully.

Mr. Cook was a large, handsome, powerful, somewhat lanky man, swarthy, stern-featured, and somewhat round-shouldered. He began life as a common sailor, but advanced himself by his merits until he was one of the most famous of navigators.

In ordinary things he was more liberal and kindly toward his crew than toward his officers, and at times he was very jovial toward the sailors. On various occasions he gave them very fine talks. I still remember in particular that the first time we came to Niihau he cautioned us in a very friendly way not to communicate any disease that we might have to the innocent natives.

He never mentioned religion, and would not permit a priest upon his ship. He seldom observed Sunday, but he was a just man in his dealings.

What was especially praiseworthy in him was the way he policed his ship, and especially the careful attention he paid to the health of his men. He considered idleness the greatest enemy of health, and consequently always kept his people at work. Even when there was nothing particular to do, he would have something broken out and again put back, or manœuvre the vessel, so that there would be work for us.

To this constant employment, combined with moderation, I attribute chiefly the steady good health of the crew. Once every week the whole ship had to be washed down and fumigated with powder; and daily, except when we were in a storm, all our hammocks had to be brought on deck and left there until sunset. He often cautioned us against eating too much meat, and was always ready to issue flour rations to make other dishes instead of meat. Also, we were enjoined to eat sauerkraut, which we Germans had taught the English how to make, three times every week, and twice we had soup made out of meat jelly and peas.

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As soon as we landed on an island the whole crew was sent to gather fresh greens, and we had to eat these in our soup. If we could not procure greens, we must set our nets and catch as many fresh fish as possible and substitute them for meat. But if fresh vegetables were to be bought, it was always his first care to get them. By these wise measures he succeeded in preventing a single case of scurvy in his crew.

As soon as any of the crew fell ill another member of the crew was detailed to nurse him, and Mr. Cook himself kept track of all the sick, saw to it that the doctor treated them properly, and watched over them like a father. If there was any fresh food aboard, it always went first to the sick, and a sick man received daily the meat-jelly soup I have described, and besides that wine and tea, which Mr. Cook reserved exclusively for this purpose.

The universal grief which the death of our Commodore caused was the finest eulogy for Mr. Cook. Everyone on the ship was stunned, cast down, and as sad as if he had lost his own father; and one sees from this account of our voyage that after his death we lost the exploring spirit, the courage, and the resolution we had had before.

AN INTERVIEW WITH VOLTAIRE[1]

BY HEINRICH LENKEI

[THIS interview is attributed to *Mercure de France*, and would have occurred ten days before his death.]

May 20, 1778. Our contributor had the honor to be received by Voltaire yesterday, and sends us the following account of his visit.

The world-famous old gentleman, who arrived in Paris on the tenth of February and since then has been the object of unceasing homage and attention, impressed me as far younger than his eighty-four years. A huge peruke capped like a cloud his incredibly small head. Fine lace cuffs hung over his skeletonlike hands. A *spirituel* smile played across his weathered features, which sparkled with friendly interest. Seated in his easy-chair, he turned to me and said in a clear, strong voice:

'Now, sir, I am at your disposal. What do you want of me?'

'Everything possible. First a main question: Are you satisfied with the result of your life work?'

'Satisfied? Let me ask you a question. Was God satisfied with the results of His six days' labor? Did n't He speedily discover that though some details turned out very well, the thing as a whole was a botch, which He would be busy forever after repairing and patching? But the Almighty has been in a position to correct His errors in person, and has plenty of time to remedy any defect He finds in His handiwork. Now a man like me, whose allotted span of years is a miserable eighty or ninety —'

[1] From *Pester Lloyd* (Budapest German-Hungarian daily), *May* 20

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'Certainly a respectable age.'

'You call that respectable? Does not an eagle live more than two hundred years? And is n't there a turtle in the great fountain at Versailles which is said to be more than four hundred years old? Why must we men, the crown of creation, have to content ourselves with a few paltry decades and bid adieu to the world at the very moment when we have begun to learn something? That is an injustice which I propose to bring to the attention of the authorities as soon as I get over on the other side.'

'I trust that will be some time yet.'

'Don't make polite wishes. The opposite always happens. That may be because the men who utter them are not sincere, or because the goddesses of fate are envious. Now ask me what you will.'

'On what occasion have you shown the greatest personal courage?'

'You make me dizzy. My whole life has been a battle, sometimes with open visor, sometimes with stratagem. But wait a moment. I exhibited the greatest personal courage when I told Frederick the Great to his face that his verses were trash. But why should n't I? Why should a warrior king think he is also able to make columns of rimes and ranks of metres march to his orders? He should leave that to us, the commanders of 'tirades,' strophes, inversions, and metaphors. I have no ambition myself to win a Battle of Rossbach.'

'I congratulate myself upon having called this scene back to your memory. Perhaps you can now tell me the day on which you experienced the greatest pleasure.'

'It was the day on which I took possession of my castle at Ferney. I was quite aware that I had got it by a tangle of intrigue, quarrels, speculations, lies, and other baseness; but I consoled myself with the thought that other gentlemen are wont to get their palaces, treasures, and estates in no better a way, and that I could use my property to preserve my independence and to exert my whole influence for the welfare of mankind — something that my highly honored feudal colleagues can seldom say of themselves.'

'Posterity will forget your sins and will only admire your genius.'

'The world that comes after us has its own ideas. It is like d'Alembert's Hall of Fame. It is crowded with dead men who were not known when they were alive, and, intermingled with them, a few living people, who almost without exception are thrown over as soon as they die.'

'A Voltaire belongs to the immortals.'

'Art and literature are ephemeral things. Fashions, tastes, and literary forms change, and the most eminent writings are soon overtaken by mildew and decay. Ideas are the only things that are immortal, and if I flatter myself, like Horace, that I have built me a monument more enduring than bronze, it is only because I think I have given some new ideas to the world, and that I have helped to emancipate the spirit of man from millennial chains.'

'If I may venture to say so, you might symbolize yourself in the statue of Momus, the god of doubt.'

'In a general way you are right. I find something to criticize in everything. My bilious temperament makes me discover a hair in every plate of soup. I was not given the divine and childlike eyes of enthusiasm. Nevertheless there burns in my bosom a saner impetuosity and power of agitation than in that of my dear friend Rousseau. I do not wish to see the world going again on all fours and eating grass. I see no just reason to tilt against progress and to decry the

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achievements of mankind as mere morbidity. On the contrary, all that I have written proves that I believe firmly in helping along evolution, which, with the aid of reason, will eventually overcome the evil, the folly, and the passions inherent in man. I have preached all my life, "Be reasonable!" And that will be the last admonition on my lips.'

'But reason does not afford the children of the earth the same pleasure as sentiment and imagination.'

'An error — a great error. I would not say that sentiment and imagination should be abolished — that would be throwing out the baby with the bath. But men ought to learn to keep the two in check. The fiery spirits of fervor and fanaticism should always be diluted with cool moderation, as the *sophrosyne* of the ancient Greeks demanded.'

'Then we should lose engaging originality, the glorious spirit of sacrifice, the irresistible strength of love.'

'To the devil with such spiritual follies! I have no love for lightning, cyclones, meteors, and volcanoes. Give me the growing days of summer, the timely shower, the contented, cud-chewing herd, and the temperate zone.'

'That means rationalism.'

'You pronounce rather scornfully this motto of our century, which I and my intellectual brethren have coined. Apparently you prefer license and excess. But you forget that license and excess can be practised only at the cost of others. With every "too much" I rob my fellow men, and with every excess I undermine my strength, which should be at the service of the common welfare. Rationalism is the secret of the future paradise, the El Dorado which we shall reach at length, after forcing our way through the jungles of prejudice, of class and race distinctions, and of national and individual obscurantism. Then we shall find ourselves in the realm of the highest earthly bliss, for which I have labored all my life.'

'And do you think that man will ever reach that paradise?'

'I believe so to the very tips of my fingers. Otherwise there would be no sense in God's creating the world.'

'And for that reason you disapprove even of Shakespeare?'

'Certainly. Shakespeare paints the world as it is; I, as it should be. He is the greater poet; I am the clearer thinker. He is the tropical jungle; I am a well-pruned orchard, the carefully weeded flower and vegetable garden. He is a flaring northern light; I am the gentle dawn. He sets no goal before humanity — aye, he even encourages it to believe that its animal passions must have free play. Therefore I call him a drunken savage. I defy him with my veto against all sentimental and intellectual excesses. He dazzles and delights the spectator with his magic mirror, like a marvelous juggler. I enlighten my readers like a veteran Alpine guide who points out to his companions the chasms, precipices, and avalanches of life. He says that man is a compound of devils and angels, and that there is no help for it. I naturally affirm this same double nature in man, but I add that virtue must maintain harmony between the two. Happy the nation that can attain this poise without violent convulsions. That nation will invariably lead the others which is first to occupy and till the fruitful fields of rational understanding. We French are still too easily captivated with tinsel, false glitter, love of the public eye, and similar puerilities. We lack an instinct for the essential. We let ourselves be misled by externals. Versailles and its magnificence impose on us. Carnival mummery, facile eloquence, and clever word-play intoxicate us. Only after

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infinite sorrow and suffering and privation and abuse do our applauding people discover that they are mere lookers-on at the banquet for which they pay. At the best a few miserable crumbs are thrown to them, for which they are expected to be most humbly grateful.'

'Can you tell me just when you reached your present convictions?'

'To the moment. It was when they unjustly shut me up in the Bastille at the bidding of an arrogant cub of the aristocrats. That roused in me the Gallic *coq*, and from that time I have crowed the coming dawn. My residence in England, the English philosophers, Newton's law of gravity, have provided me with an arsenal of proofs that we are all subject to one law. There are no exceptions. Only men's license and folly are responsible for the fact that they have lost their natural rights. I have had the experience of the Italian muleteer whose long-eared beast baulked only a few steps before he reached a spring and had to be soundly beaten before he would move forward. But as soon as he saw the water the obstinate animal rushed eagerly forward to quench his thirst with the refreshing draught. The people are the mule; we are the muleteers — we writers — who beat them forward to the fountain of eternal truth.'

'So it is unjust to class you among the authors who write mainly to amuse?'

'Unjust? It is a base slander. I leave the amusement business to clowns, acrobats, and jugglers. I have always sought to instruct. I always have had a purpose in view in whatever I wrote. It never entered my head to set off a Bengal fire simply to entertain somebody. And if I have occasionally succeeded in adding a spice of wit to my instruction, it was merely sugar-coating for the pill — to keep from getting tedious; for it is always tedious for a reader to be forced to think.'

'Ought we therefore to class you with the prophets?'

'Perhaps better with the healers of the mind. I have tried to inoculate people with a new way of thinking, and to convince the millions that they cannot go on forever as they have in the past. This groveling before imaginary superiors must cease.'

'In other words, we must make the must ferment?'

'Bravo! In order to have good wine. I am sure that with the help of my colleagues I shall leave to the next generation several excellent vintages of genuine Malmsey.'

'Now that you mention your bequest to posterity, perhaps you will be kind enough to indicate the work of which you are proudest?'

'You may infer from what I have just said that it is not one of my written works. If there is anything that I am proud of in my life, it is that I have been the friend and protector of the persecuted and oppressed, that I have been a fighter against fanaticism, an avenger of the broken law, and a herald of tolerance. These are the things that give me courage to approach with a clear conscience the foot of the Judgment Seat.'

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THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES[1]

'BY ARRAN'

ENGLISH country houses have played a great part in our national history in the past, both socially, politically, and in other ways, and until recently such possessions have always been an object of envy to those who did not own them. Now opinion has altered, and, while the possessors of these forms of property are looked upon as objects of commiseration, those who formerly coveted them congratulate themselves on their freedom from unenviable burdens.

That there has been such an alteration in general opinion is undeniable. Examples spring to the mind of elderly observers who make a list of those houses where they used to visit in their youth, asking themselves, where are those houses now?

A proof of the present position may be found in the following discovery. Recently I was reading the respective *Kelly's Directories* of 1902 and 1922 of one of the home counties, and examined out of curiosity those pages in each which give lists of what are described as 'The Chief Seats.' In the directory of 1902 the list occupied five columns, while in the directory of 1922 the list of country houses took up only two and a half. Out of further curiosity I counted the numbers of the houses, with the result that the numbers of these houses have been reduced by more than half in twenty years. This change appears to have become more rapid recently, and in support of this view I will quote examples which have come under my notice. In these cases the houses which, for English country houses, were of comparatively moderate size, containing from twenty-five to thirty bedrooms apiece, were in very bad repair, and were purchased very cheaply since the war. Their new owners spent money freely on them in every way, installing electric light, central heating, bathrooms, and generally modernizing them. After living in them for some time, the new owners, finding that the expenses were beyond their means, or for other reasons, decided to sell these paradises, hoping for an easy realization of their original total outlay. This agreeable anticipation has not been fulfilled, for the owners have found that, owing to the increasing absence of demand, they may congratulate themselves if they are able to obtain a price which not only will not include the money spent on the modernization of their residence, but which will not nearly reach even the amount which they paid for the purchase of the house a few years ago. It even appears likely that these places will eventually prove to be unsalable at any price beyond the agricultural value of the land and the materials of which the houses are constructed.

It may be of interest to consider what is the cause of the alteration in the position, and why the demand for such houses has disappeared.

I should ascribe it to four reasons, each of which would be sufficient in itself to explain it, and which four combined cause a deadly effect. (*a*) The

[1] From the *National Review* (London Tory monthly), *June*

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breaking up of landed estates; (*b*) expense of upkeep; (*c*) alteration in tastes owing much to the advent of the motor car; (*d*) servant difficulties. The cause — that of expense — is general all through our post-war conditions of life. The incomes of those who lived in large houses have often been reduced by half, whereas the wages and other expenses necessary in a large country house have increased in almost similar proportion.

Let us take as an example the case of a man who since the war has succeeded to a property worth, say, £40,000 a year. The death duties, payment of younger children's fortunes, legacies for dependents, and jointures may amount to half the income. This deduction leaves him a gross income of £20,000. Out of this must come his income tax and supertax, amounting to about ten shillings in the pound, which leaves him £10,000 a year. The purchasing power, however, of the sovereign may be said to have been reduced by a third, which leaves a margin of about £7000 a year. He has succeeded to a house inhabited before the war by a man with an income of £40,000 a year, who in all probability was housed according to that income, and whose house probably cost him before the war £7000 or £8000 a year to keep going. The owner of to-day would find that sum increased by at least a third, while his total net income for it and all other expenses, and so forth, would hardly amount to that sum. In a case like this the present owner of such a house would, if he lived there, be in a position of insolvency, and it is not surprising that he is anxious to get rid of such an incubus at any price, welcoming as his best friend the man who is so rash as to take it off his hands. The reasons of expense, however, are not the only ones which cause the present slump, for in spite of taxation and the general position produced by the Great War there remain many people who could still afford to live in large country houses if they wished to do so.

Therefore it remains to consider the other reasons which have rendered country houses unpopular as possessions.

Let us consider the alteration in taste for country-house life! In old days, before the war, people who owned country houses generally owned property of some magnitude surrounding them. The ownership of such property created occupations and interests which were indeed duties, obliging the owner to live in the neighborhood to pursue those duties, while his country house formed the most pleasant abode for that purpose. Estate management, duties on the Bench, and general county business formed his occupations and work, while his relaxations were found in the sports of shooting and hunting indigenous to the neighborhood. Shooting parties probably gave him opportunities of giving two weeks' hospitality to his friends in other localities, while in return another month was taken up by paying similar visits to those who had accepted his shooting invitations. His wife regarded these outings as most pleasurable interludes, which pleasures were shared by the daughters as they grew up. May, June, and July were probably spent in London, the remainder of the year being passed at home. Such were the taste and habits of the past, habits which built up the country houses which are so fast disappearing to-day.

A similar life, however, will hardly appeal in these days to those well-to-do people who have sufficient means to own a country house. Their chief pursuits, whether work or play, are situated in London, and except for the two months of August and September in Scotland, which may be passed in the

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combined pleasures of shooting and golf, accompanied by the most agreeable social conditions, the headquarters of the well-to-do will be more and more found in London. It is improbable, however, that Scottish country houses are really in a more favorable condition than those in England. Some of the Scottish houses which are let during these two months to other people are not inhabited at all during the remainder of the year by their owners, who, in many cases, make their homes in London or abroad, and these houses would have become derelict were it not for the undoubted demand existing for them during August and September.

Apart from Scottish country houses, which for the above artificial reasons may in some cases last longer than those in England or in Wales, the decay in country-house life increases itself. In old days intercourse with country neighbors formed one of the chief pleasures of country-house life, and the knowledge that within a radius of a dozen miles one could always find a pleasant society among those of the same standing in life as one's self added to the attractions of existence in the country. Human nature is gregarious, and seeks for company, and as each country house closes others round it become more lonely, and perhaps for this reason shut their shutters also, making the neighborhood more lonely still.

Of course many of these houses have since the war been bought by people who have made large fortunes; but how often has this change proved to be a success? New wine cannot be put into old bottles, and the enjoyment of country-house life can be found only by those who have been brought up in it. In addition to this, the reason of the original erection of large country houses was to enable the owner of a big landed property to live and entertain his friends in the centre of what was really his place of business, his business consisting in the management of his landed property. Nowadays, men who have made fortunes in other ways do not willingly burden themselves with the worry, responsibility, and risk arising from the ownership of a large landed estate, and the reason for the ownership of a big country house has therefore disappeared. Some men have bought big country houses surrounded by only three or four hundred acres, but where are the pleasures and occupations of such a possession if it be more than twenty minutes from London, and the owner unable to pursue his business there daily — except to that type of mentality which considers that the ownership of a large house in the country gives to the owner importance and position?

Shooting is as popular as ever, but it is pursued in a different fashion. All shooting is easily let, but it is chiefly taken by business men who shoot only one day a week, motoring down for the day, or sleeping at the local inn; and the same may be said about fishing. Another reason for the lack of demand for country houses is the fact that nearly every man has now some definite work; either he needs to make money, or, should he have sufficient independent means, philanthropic purusits, or somewhat similar labors, will create equally searching demands upon his time, necessitating his presence in urban surroundings during the greater part of the week.

The fact remains, also, that the taste of many of the younger generation does not find pleasure in the possession of a country house. Some heirs to great mansions heartily dislike the idea of the ties and responsibilities attached to them, and the plea of death duties will often be seized upon as a welcome excuse for shutting them up. The ideas

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of modern gilded youth as to the method in which hours of leisure may be passed turn more to a shooting lodge or small hunting box with sufficient room to entertain six or seven friends for a week-end party, rather than to the labors and responsibilities of ancestral but vaultlike halls with the accompanying need of endless servants who are difficult to find. And the difficulty of finding servants leads us to consider the chief reason which is making the ownership of country houses an undesirable thing, and that is that country-house life is unpopular with servants themselves. Before the war the demand for domestic servants hardly equaled the supply — now the supply has become far below the demand, and servants are able to pick and choose the situations they prefer. Is it surprising that young domestic servants find situations in London or in a large town infinitely preferable?

Life in a country house for young servants may be dull. Old-fashioned people ask, what more can a young person want than a comfortable home in a beautiful house, surrounded by beautiful gardens and a beautiful country?

The amusements of young people, if they cannot hunt and shoot, lie in the pleasures of the town, such as plays, cinemas, and the general coming and going of London, and it is only natural that these young people should seek situations where these pleasures are available. Dances, although they are sometimes procurable in the country, are of frequent occurrence in London, and, remembering my own youth, I sincerely sympathize with the tastes and wishes of young servants, awkward as it is for an owner of a country house.

Another reason why so many servants dislike country-house life is that many owners of country houses, whose decreased incomes will not permit them to pay the increased wages of post-war times, try to run their country houses with a smaller staff, which means that the work is infinitely harder for its members. In many cases the servants sympathize with the efforts which these owners are making to struggle on in their old homes, but it is hardly to be expected that they should sympathize with them sufficiently to undertake double the work performed before the war. Some people say that servants will not work as hard as they did in pre-war days; others say that the servants are expected to work much harder — and there is probably a great deal of truth in both contentions. There is certainly truth in the latter in many houses.

I called recently on an old friend whom I had not seen since before the war. Her house in pre-war days was one that necessitated the services of a butler, two footmen, a valet, an odd man, four housemaids, three minis-trants in the kitchen, and a lady's maid. The lady of the house complained bitterly of the condition of the house, saying that the servants did not realize how it was no longer possible for her to keep the previous numbers in her establishment, and that they would not help her out. I asked her how many servants she now employed, and she said that there were six in all, because she could afford no more. She went on to say that she would gladly move if she could, but that nobody would buy the house at even a starvation price, so that she was bound to remain there. My sympathies were equally divided between her servants and herself, but rather more with herself, because they could go whenever they liked, which was often, while she and her husband were bound to remain until some philanthropic person took the house off their hands. It may be added that the house is a charming one, with excellent shooting, and that the owners were

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deeply envied people before the war. Now it is unsalable and unwanted.

There is also another reason why servants are making country-house life undesirable. In saying what I am going to say, I should like to make it clear that I have found in these days some of the kindest and most conscientious people among my post-war servants, but there have been others not so satisfactory. There is without doubt a sentiment of unrest and discontent among many servants in these days which helps to stir up ill-feeling and even enmity toward their employers as a class — a sentiment that teaches the doctrine of doing as little as they can and in the most expensive way. This means continual discomfort and change in the household, which is prompting many owners of country houses to say that the struggle and contest against difficulties is not worth while, and that it is better to shut the house up and take refuge in a London house. There one is, at least for the moment, undisturbed by domestic unrest, for the leisure hours of the servants are longer and more fully occupied with their own pleasures, and the opportunities caused by unfilled hours for grumbling do not exist. After all, peace and comfort are great things in life, and many people are willing to give up even their homes to secure them.

Often when the servant question is under discussion one hears the sentiment expressed that it is all the fault of the dole, and that if only the Government would do away with the dole all would be well. From this it may be gathered that some people hope that one day a British Government, when it realizes that country-house owners are in difficulties about their houses, will for this purpose alone do away with the dole, and that a large part of the population will be forced to return to domestic service. Such sentiments seem to echo the old 'God bless the Squire and his relations — and keep us in our proper stations,' but those who echo them are dreaming an idle dream. No Government will dare to do away with the dole, although the present system of distribution may be in some ways altered.

The servant class will continue to diminish for many reasons, and the members of the employer class will have to learn to wait upon themselves more and more every day. Even in London they will gradually retire to flats, with a system of communal heating, adopting the habit of going out for all their meals to restaurants; for by degrees domestic servants will refuse to work after a certain hour in the afternoon. One of the very natural grievances in domestic service is that the work is never finished, and the domestic servants claim, not unreasonably, that they have the same right to the freedom of their evenings as other workers.

For all these reasons, I believe that the country-house phase of our history is over, and that even if some owners intend to cling if they can to their old homes for their lifetimes, in spite of the difficulties which are increasing month by month and day by day, the present occupants of these splendid palaces are the last occupants, and that the next generation will see derelict ruins everywhere in the place of the warm, bright country homes of the earlier years of the century. Some of the more splendid palaces of historic interest or of architectural beauty may be preserved as monuments by the nation, but as homes they have seen or are seeing their last days, while the other houses of almost equal magnificence will furnish, by their dying, materials for residences of a humbler kind, or fall into a sad and neglected but absolute decay.

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AMERICAN NOTES[1]

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THESE last few weeks I seem to have passed half my waking hours in the company of American visitors, now swarming into town. Time after time I have found myself lunching in New York or having tea in Chicago, so that now I talk glibly of 'next fall' or the Middle West, and am rapidly becoming pleased to meet you. I have been able to gather a wealth of impressions without any Ellis Island passing judgment on my morals, without being compelled to address women's clubs or to eat new coconut cake and ice cream for dinner, and so I have trifled with the thought of celebrating my good fortune by writing, here in London, one of those familiar books on America. It would not be difficult. The history and geography I could look up in the encyclopædia. Old numbers of the New York comic papers would supply me with the handful of funny stories that must be sprinkled throughout the volume. The necessary photographs, of Niagara Falls, — American side, — the Woolworth Building, that large railway station in New York whose name I cannot remember, and President Coolidge, would be easily obtained. I could spend at least two chapters declaring emphatically that the Americans are a great people, that I found them kind and hospitable, most kind and hospitable, a great people. I might add my belief that the world's future is in their hands, but I should not do that until I knew for certain that my prospective lecture fees and advance royalties in America had passed a necessary minimum. Such a book, easily written and quite worthless, might very well slip into one of those select lists of books-that-should-be-read-this-season that mean so much to us scribblers. There might be money in it, as there so often is in mere impudence. But while still uncertain as to the possible gains, I will content myself with proffering a few notes, mere glimpses of the treasure I am hoarding.

The trouble about the Americans is that they are neither flesh nor fowl. Our whole attitude toward them is complicated by the manner of our first approach. It seems reasonable, at first, to do what many English people do, and regard them as so many 'cousins from across the sea.' These pleasant persons, you say, are not fantastic in garb and speech and gesture like Greeks or Russians; they speak what is, in spite of growing differences, our own language; they look not unlike ourselves; so these are not aliens, but kinsmen; and all is well. But all is far from well. If this is our approach, irritation quickly follows. We begin with likeness, and discover surprising differences. It is annoying to find that persons so like ourselves can be so stupid as to think and behave in such a strange manner. A cousin should have sufficient sense to refrain from calling a railway station a 'depot.' Just as our relatives can irritate us far more than our neighbors,

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *May* 29

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so these willfully eccentric kinsmen prove to be more annoying than blank foreigners. Prejudice sets in, and we end by confounding the whole strange tribe. Therefore it is better to begin by regarding them, as I prefer to do, as aliens, people as foreign as Lithuanians or Turks, to concentrate at first on the differences, and then to stumble, gradually and happily, upon likeness after likeness to ourselves. If these are foreigners, we say at last, then they are the pleasantest the world can show; and this is a conclusion at once more amiable and more profitable than the other. There is, however, still trouble ahead.

But before launching my grand final insult, let me loose a covering flotilla of pleasant little impressions. Let me begin by saying that the more I see of the Americans the less I can understand the all too common assumption that they are a very conceited and boastful race, and their own frequent apologies for these other, and to me mythical, Americans who are very conceited and boastful. I may have been fortunate in my encounters, but I cannot help suspecting that these persons who are supposed to tell you that they won the war, or that everything in America is bigger and better, are the mythical Yankees who say 'I guess' and 'cal'clate,' creatures who live in the same world as the Irishmen who cry 'Be jabers!' and the Scotsmen who begin every sentence with 'Hoots awa', mon!'

And, after all, on the score of conceit, Europe has little to learn. For imperturbable and really gross self-satisfaction, give me the public-school-and-university Englishman, the gentleman who regards a lack of interest in cricket as a form of awful perversion, who roars with laughter at some harmless person who does not happen to be fully acquainted with all the etiquette of the hunting field. For an utter incapacity to understand any other life or point of view, give me the first Frenchman you meet on the boulevards. For solemn, colossal, staggering vanity, give me the German pedagogue. Compared with these, the American seems to be modest, too modest, almost wistful in his desire to learn from other people, in his naïve attempts to win a little commendation from Europeans. The danger with most of the Americans I meet — who may, of course, be quite different from those who stay at home — is that they are not American enough, are not sufficiently self-satisfied, are sometimes too anxious to turn themselves into English country-house snobs, insufferable *boulevardiers*, stupid German pedagogues.

And, for the rest, I must freely acknowledge my sense of American kindness and generosity, which seem to proceed from a downright goodness of heart, and the accompanying enthusiasm for all manner of people and activities. It is impossible not to admire persons so energetic, healthy, sensible, such pretty women and robust men. Time and again, in half a hundred different ways, as hosts, guests, companions, they have made me feel ashamed of myself and my countrymen.

My relations with them are, however, disastrously complicated by a circumstance for which I make haste to apologize, though for the life of me I cannot see how the matter is to be mended. The fact is that Americans never seem to me to be real people at all. They are as unreal as Chinamen; but as they look and talk like real people and do not seem merely so many pieces of lacquer and porcelain, as Chinamen do, I therefore think of them as a kind of magnificent automata. But beyond that I cannot go. As in-

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dividuals, they never achieve any kind of reality for me. I cannot believe, in my heart of hearts, that they have dreams and desires and immortal souls. That they should have invented the psychological theory known as Behaviorism, which abolishes the consciousness and explains us in terms of behavior, of reaction to stimuli, seems to me only right and proper, for that is indeed how I see them, as so much behavior, so much flesh and nerves, all cleaned and dressed up and made sensible and polite and pleasant, and set going for a time. I never believe that they have any consciousness, that there is a secret and urgent life going on somewhere in their heads. I cannot think of them existing as individuals to themselves. When the American party, at which I was the only English guest, broke up the other night, I really doubted whether the others went anywhere at all, and imagined them merely crumpling up, vanishing into space, as soon as the door was closed upon them.

I can only think of them moving and acting in masses, just as they seem to talk as one man or woman, everybody saying the same thing at the same time; so that, when I hear that So-and-so has sold fifty thousand copies of his new book in America, I have a picture in my mind of fifty thousand Americans going in a solid body to buy the book. Accounts of enormous fires or railway accidents, involving hundreds of lives, leave me entirely unmoved if they come from America, because the obvious unreality of the people concerned makes it impossible that they should be really hurt or killed. I feel that they have merely been packed away somewhere, now stopped just as they were once set in motion.

This being my attitude, a visit there would be a colossal adventure, because either the people would gradually become real, one after another surprisingly developing mind and soul, or I should find myself the one real person among millions and millions of automata and should probably turn solipsist in the end. It may be that the wholesale murders on that continent are simply the work of strangers who have taken refuge in solipsism and believe that they are merely indulging in an amusing shadow-play by turning these animated creatures into cold corpses. It is more than likely, too, this life being so droll, that all the Americans I have met these last few weeks, those hurrying, smiling, loquacious persons, have already arrived at the conclusion that I and my like are equally unreal. At this very moment they are probably telling themselves that you and I cannot possibly have any real existence, and one or two of them may even be writing essays on the subject. We shall do well to conclude with such a chastening thought.

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STORM ON FIFTH AVENUE

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

[From *Satirical Poems*]

A SALLOW waiter brings me six huge oysters . . .
Gloom shutters up the sunset with a plague
Of unpropitious twilight jagged asunder
By flashlight demonstrations. *Gee, what a peach*
Of a climate! (Pardon slang: these sultry storms
Afflict me with neurosis: rumbling thunder
Shakes my belief in academic forms.)

An oyster-colored atmospheric rumpus
Beats up to blot the sunken daylight's gildings.
Against the looming cloud-bank, ivory-pale,
Stand twenty-storied blocks of office buildings.
Snatched upwards on a gust, lost news-sheets sail
Forlorn in lone arena of mid-air;
Flapping like melancholy kites, they scare
My gaze, a note of wildness in the scene.

Out on the pattering sidewalk, people hurry
For shelter, while the tempest swoops to scurry
Across to Brooklyn. Bellying figures clutch
At wide-brimmed hats and bend to meet the weather,
Alarmed for fresh-worn silks and flurried feather.
Then hissing deluge splashes down to beat
The darkly glistening flatness of the street.
Only the cars nose on through rain-lashed twilight:
Only the Sherman Statue, angel-guided,
Maintains its mock-heroic martial gesture.

A sallow waiter brings me beans and pork . . .
Outside there 's fury in the firmament.
Ice cream, of course, will follow; and I 'm content.
O Babylon! O Carthage! O New York!

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MY BROTHER AT HOME[1]

BY ALEXANDER CHEKHOV

[ANTON'S CHEKHOV'S eldest brother here gives a picture of the family life when Anton was going up for his final examination in medicine. Only the sister Marie is disguised as Ludnisla. The brothers bear their real names, and the mother, the aunt, even the dog, are all on hand.]

ANTON PAVLOVICH, a medical student in his fifth course, sat at his table and read the lectures on hygiene. To-morrow would be his exam. With one hand he supported his head, with the other he nervously turned the pages of the lectures. He hurried to read through, to master, to group together, and to get it all in as speedily as possible, so that he could appear before the examining professor the next day with a clear face and unblushing. For that purpose he shut the door of his room, and with the zeal of a man who has an exam. hanging over his head he gave himself to the study of the unfamiliar science.

'Confound it!' he muttered to himself; 'somehow I'll have to get through this tough job. But there's so little time. Anyhow, I'll manage it, provided only the locust does not disturb me. . . .'

By the 'locust' he meant Mamma, Auntie, and the other members of the family. Alas, a quarter of an hour later the door gently opened, and through the aperture Auntie Glafira's face thrust itself, all wrinkled like a baked apple. With much timidity, yet in a loud whisper, she began calling the pet dog.

'Corbey, Corbey boy, Corbeau, come — have something to eat. . . . Poor thing, it has had nothing to-day. . . . Corbey!'

Anton silently looked under the table and under the chairs, and quietly said: —

'Auntie, the dog is n't here. You must look for it somewhere else. And please don't interrupt me.'

'All right, my dear, I won't. Only the dog is sure to be hungry. It'll break my heart.'

'Well, you can find it and feed it. Only leave me alone. I asked you all not to come in here this evening.'

'All right, darling Antosha, read on, and good luck. . . . We won't come in — no, we won't. Only you see it's a sin in God's sight to let an animal go hungry. Yes, yes, I'm going; don't be cross. . . .'

Auntie disappeared. Anton set himself to work.

'Antosha, may I come in?' came Mother's voice from behind the door. 'Only for a second. I won't disturb you.'

'Well?'

Mother came in.

'You know, the washerwoman has n't brought your shirt for to-morrow. How will you go to your exam. to-morrow? I sent three times to her, the villainess; she says the air is damp and the linen does n't dry. Do tell me, for the love of

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *April* 24

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our Saviour, what to do. Your professor surely is n't a youngster. . . . He'll see at once that you're wearing a dirty shirt. . . .'

'Please leave me alone. I'll manage in the dirty shirt. Can't you see that you're hindering me in my work?'

'Who? I hindering you?' Merciful heavens! I take all the trouble I can to see that he has clean linen, and now he blames me! That's right — beget children, spend all your health on them, and then wait for their gratitude!'

'Will you keep on like that for a long time?'

'I'm going — I'm going! Only let me speak my mind. How I ached for you; how I suffered when you all were young; what a lot I had to endure from your father on your account. . . .'

Anton got up impatiently, and with his lectures in his hands he began pacing the room.

'You're right,' he said. 'I value it all; only give me the chance of reading in peace what I must, am obliged to, do now. You know, don't you, that I have an exam. to-morrow?' And stopping his ears with his hands, Anton resumed his reading. Mother went on talking for another three minutes; but seeing that she was not being listened to, she left the room. Yet she went away complaining. Anton plunged again into his lectures.

From behind the door came the voice of his brother, a schoolboy.

'Anton, have n't you got my pencil on your table? Sorry to trouble you. . . . I see you have got it in your hand. You're using it?'

'Do you want it?'

'No, not particularly. I only wanted to know who had my pencil. Excuse my disturbing you. By the way, how are things with you? Mother said you had an exam. to-morrow. . . . Well, how are things? Are you ready or not? Do you hope to pass it? Pity I'm not a student, for I might help you. I could shove under the door an answer to the examiner's question. Never mind my schoolboy's uniform; it does n't signify that I understand less than — '

'Look here, Misha,' Anton said imploringly, 'I have no time now to chat with you. Leave me in peace, and, if you can and wish, see that the womenfolk don't disturb me.'

'Right you are. Be sure I shall use all my influence.'

'But you, too, must take yourself off to the Devil.'

'Thanks, awfully.'

The schoolboy brother went away terribly hurt. Anton resumed his reading, and even sat down again.

In two minutes the door timidly opened. Auntie thrust her head through.

'Antosha, why did you hurt Misha?'

Anton went on reading.

'He's crying now. To hurt the boy for no reason at all, for just nothing. He only wanted just to have a little talk. . . .'

'Auntie, if you care for me ever so little, please go away.'

'The only thing he knows: "Go away — go away!" When I called here for the little dog I saw the frightful eyes you made at me; I saw your savage look. All the same, you should n't have hurt Misha. On the Day of Judgment you will have to account for it. . . .'

'God! How can one work for an exam. in such conditions?'

'Work — please do. Who does n't let you?' Auntie exclaimed in surprise, and went out.

'Now, thank Heaven!' Anton said in a whisper. But —

Entered his only sister, Ludnisla: —

'Excuse me, Antosha, I'm so trou-

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bled. Tell me, please, what does "psychic substance" mean? Do explain it to me; be so good.'

'My dear, I have no time; nor do I know.'

'But you are at the faculty of medicine!'

'What of that?'

'What? You must know everything!'

'Really, you must leave me alone now, my dear. . . .'

'That's the only thing I hear from you. You're rude. I'm going. You *are* rude!'

After his sister left the room Anton breathed freely and plunged into his lectures.

Silence fell on the house. Then Mother began ever so gently turning her worn-out sewing machine; but that deliberate slowness was apt to set even the strongest nerves on edge. Mother tried to turn the wheel softly, so as not to disturb Anton, without noticing, however, that the sound was heart-rending.

'Antosha, may Mother work the machine as usual?' asked Auntie, thrusting her head in again.

'Off you go! She may!'

'Glory be to the Lord! And we'd thought you would n't permit her.'

Came a sudden and furious ringing of the bell. Furious knocks followed. Entered, somewhat staggering, Anton's elder brother, a boozer, though a nice fellow; but always in fear for his state of health.

'Anton, I've come to you for a prescription.'

'What's wrong with you?'

'The liver. I'm afraid it must be pneumonia in my lungs. Altogether rotten. Give me a prescription!'

'Don't drink too much vodka . . . and if you can, take yourself off at once. . . . But wait a moment — what have you had to-day?'

'Only vodka and beer. I say, had n't you better come to my place? You could examine me there — give me an auscultation; but you must use a Tcherenov stethoscope — I don't believe in any other.'

'Have you anyone there?'

'Not a soul!'

Anton thought for a moment.

'Well, now, forget your liver, which gives you no pain. . . .'

'That is so. But I'm only afraid that it might perhaps go wrong.'

'Keep quiet. And so, I say, forget your liver, have another bottle of beer, and go straight to bed. I'm coming along with you to take your pulse. I'll stay to-night with you. Have you got lamp oil? That's right. You need n't take any sudorific. I'll take good care of you. Come along!'

All the household came out to urge Anton to stay at home. But, for a reason quite inexplicable to them, Anton preferred the company of his drunken brother, and went away with him to drink — without, however, forgetting to take his lectures.

Having arrived at his brother's room, Anton gave him some more beer, put him to bed, took his pulse, and then sat down to study his lectures.

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The Martyred Toad

To Dr. G. Kato, Professor of Physiology in the Keio University at Tokyo, the world owes a double debt of gratitude — the one scientific, the other moral. The Doctor's scientific fame rests on his discovery of a new theory regarding the effect of narcotics on the nervous system. He has shown that all our nerves succumb simultaneously to an anæsthetic, and not one after another in order of size.

To the layman, who does not know how such a fact is established, this announcement has the hollow ring peculiar to all scientific utterances. Not until the veil is lifted and the methods of research are revealed do we understand that the end is justified by the means. We now approach the second and more important part of the Doctor's contribution.

In 1922 Dr. Kato had embarked upon the study of this theme, and by the time of the earthquake his chain of evidence was nearly complete. As work was impossible during the disturbance, he set his assistants to catching toads, a sport in which they soon became highly proficient. Gruesome experiments ensued, and the curtain descends on the first act in December of the same year. Twenty specialists in laboratory overalls smeared with the blood of martyred toads cheer and weep over a glass of beer while their chief assures them that the truth of his discovery is established. The cheers are for the scientist; the tears, we hope, are for the seventy thousand toads who have died the death of martyrs to the true faith.

In the years that have elapsed since then, Dr. Kato has, we suspect, been haunted by the departed spirits of this horde of uncomplaining heroes. Only in this way can we explain his latest move. Early in August the International Physiological Conference is holding its twelfth annual meeting in Stockholm. Thither our Japanese doctor is repairing together with 118 Japanese toads. These he plans to present to various institutions in Germany and Sweden. Already his little traveling companions have been invited to make themselves at home in the aquarium at the Berlin Zoo. We should like to think that Dr. Kato is atoning for his wholesale slaughter by giving the friends and — who knows? — the relations of his victims the advantages of a European background unto the third and fourth generation.

The Soul of a Goldfish

THE *Saturday Review* of London recently offered a prize of one guinea 'for the best fragment, not exceeding five hundred words, of a novel in the ultra-subjective manner written from the point of view of a goldfish.' The following effort bore away the prize: —

. . . the waves of thought flowed out billowing, receding, breaking against the green, untamable ridges shaken by surging, golden restlessness.

You knew that you were beautiful.

But then you had known that for a long, long time. Ever since you had seen the shadow of a lucent flame that was your swift, eager self startlingly alive against the dimness of an un-

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worthy setting. Kindness. Courtesy. Little urbanities with fins. Perhaps you thought you believed in them. But you did n't . . . not really.

You had always known that you were different.

Everywhere a great stream of fishes coming up . . . going on. Round and round. Each one with faiths and obligations, but something missing which you had. A lightening of the gloom, an interest. The curve of life carrying them from weakness to strength and then back again to weakness, but bearing you on from strength to strength. Imperishably.

Suddenly you knew you were not a fish but a force.

A running flame, threading and rethreading the green distance like a luminous ribbon. A force that broke things . . . would not allow the existence of rights, not to be resisted. Rights. Once you had thought that a bold word. It had scared you. Sent you darting away from that other nearness waiting to involve you in a dual life. But you were not frightened.

You knew now what they meant when they said you were psychic.

Endless, unflinching stabs of insight. He had come swooping, disturbing . . . wanting you to think him brave and magnificent. Not seeing himself the pitiful, furtive thing that he was. Cleaving, sharing. Once you had thought . . . but not now.

Deep down you must have known you could n't share.

More than anything you wanted to be free. Ah, that was it, free! Not bound as he was by desire for something so far above. . . . You wanted to laugh in his sad eyes, flick him with your tail as you skimmed past. Public opinion. You had to think of that. Cramping, interfering . . . never to be alone with yourself . . . always pushed and obstructed by clumsy, ignoble hordes. How endure, how live out the whole of time spent like this?

Somehow you knew that at last you were about to act.

Up through the cool green fields . . . lapping, caressing . . . enhancing the shadow tones of a lithe body. Upward still, the gentle rythmic movement in the topmost regions assuaging, preparing . . . preparing you for what? Something not mild and easy and tame . . . not just a going on and on. Something different. All the strength of your being gathered for one leaping effort . . . into that stupendous and irresistible void. . . .

Hearst in Verse

JUST as all tipsy singers believe they can give perfect imitations of Harry Lauder, so all angry Englishmen feel that they are masters of American slang. Ian D. Colvin, chief editorial writer on the Conservative *Morning Post*, and bitter enemy of Lloyd George, is a case in point. He has just burst out with what purports to be a rimed letter from William Randolph Hearst censuring Lloyd George's article on the general strike. It may be added that Mr. Colvin's enthusiasm for the United States — and especially for those of us to whom Mr. Hearst's papers are addressed — does not amount to an obsession. The poem opens as follows: —

Dear David Lloyd George, — it raises my gorge
To quench any spark that flies out of your forge;
My papers don't shy at springing it high,
And I ain't what you call a particular guy;
I can sit back and smile when your own nest you file,
And I don't put no cinch on your elegant style;
And I got to go bail you are on the right trail
When you give a new twist to the old lion's tail;
For I freely confess that a jab more or less
At England don't do any harm to my press,
For my public, being Irish and German and such,
Don't loaf round and sing 'Rule Britannia' much!

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But even Mr. Hearst feels that the ex-Premier has overstepped the bounds, and he urges greater accuracy in the future. The letter closes with this magnificent couplet: —

So from this great country of freedom and thirst,
Believe me, most truly, yours,
WILLIAM R. HEARST

Faces and Sex

UNTIL recently most of us have had to rely on such slender evidences as the prose styles of Christopher Morley and of Edith Wharton to support our faith in the hypothesis that all men have some feminine traits and all women some masculine qualities. It has taken a German scientist, Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, to bring more definite evidence into court.

His method of proving the existence of this 'other-sex' attribute has been to exhibit a number of photographs of men and women in which half of the face was darkened. In virtually every case members of his audiences have pronounced the picture to be that of a man when the left half of a woman's face was shown and have identified as a woman the left half of a man's face.

The two sides of everyone's face are never precisely alike, but the difference is most noticeable in people of artistic temperament. It seems that the possession of certain fundamental qualities of the opposite sex is a necessary attribute for success in certain of the arts.

The same law holds true throughout all creation. Not only does God, like Shakespeare, never repeat; He even makes the two halves of every leaf, and every blade of grass, just a little different. But when it comes to bobbed-haired girls and men with brightly colored hatbands, one can't help wishing for stiffer rules.

The Sidewalk Shave

UNLIKE his submissive British 'Comrade,' the French striker tempers his protests with humor. Some months ago the drivers of the street cars and buses in Paris wanted to air certain imagined grievances. Forbidden by their own leaders to walk out on strike, they vented their spleen by conducting their equipages at a snail's pace. When any pedestrian started to cross the street in front of them, they stopped, descended, and bowed humbly to the walker, allowing him to proceed in unaccustomed safety.

The latest strike is that of the barbers; and here again similar originality is displayed. Instead of knocking off work, they have been cutting people's hair and shaving them free of charge. To be sure, the shops are closed, but they are plying their trade at sidewalk cafés. The stipulation that they must receive a handsome tip is nothing new, for this fine old Gallic tradition will surely survive all changes, industrial or tonsorial.

Magnanimous Albion

IT is appalling to think of the low state to which all athletic competition would be reduced were it not for the splendid ideals of sportsmanship which England has bequeathed us. Some weeks ago a team of United States Army riflemen from the 107th Regiment defeated a similar British organization by a score of 1700 to 1601, the highest possible score being 1800. The *Morning Post* of London reports as follows: —

Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, chairman of the National Rifle Association, acted as referee of the match, and in declaring the result said that the best team had won. (*Cheers*) It had been a great privilege to see such wonderful shooting. Without wishing to minimize the shooting

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of the 107th Regiment, he thought there was something to be said for the losing team in that possibly their rifle and ammunition were not so good as those of their opponents.

Genius in Distress

SOME years before the war Max Bayer of Vienna invented a salve which healed open wounds in a remarkably short time. When hostilities broke out he placed his invention at the disposal both of the Allies and of the Central Powers. The Austrian War Office could not prevail upon him to reveal the secret of its production, nor could the firm of German chemists to whom he offered his invention after the war discover how it was made. During the inflation period Bayer lost all his savings, and is now reduced to collecting brushwood for fuel in the suburbs of Vienna. Lately he has won a lawsuit and has gained the right to work in a small suite of rooms. His fate is that of most of his countrymen engaged in similar pursuits.

Why Frenchmen Stay Home

MORE Americans than ever would crowd to Paris and put an end to the agonies of matrimony if they only knew how easy it is to win their freedom. The following edict, originally issued in 1770, has just been exhumed by an alert member of the staff of *L'Opinion:* —

'Whoever attracts any male subject of His Majesty into the bonds of matrimony by the use of rouge, powder, perfumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, hoop skirts, high-heeled shoes, or bustles will be prosecuted for sorcery, and the marriage will be declared null and void.'

Cigarettes with Matches

WE do not know of any American tobacconist who has as yet adopted an admirable practice just launched in England. It is to have a strip of matches attached to every packet of cigarettes. Anyone who has turned his pockets or her purse inside out looking for a lighter that won't light or an empty match box can appreciate how useful such a device would be. The English are lavishly including fourteen matches with packages of ten — surely twenty-four would be enough for our packs of twenty. The extra expense involved could easily be made up for by cutting down on tin foil, 'profit'-sharing coupons, and other unnecessary frills. Besides, the first company to adopt such a scheme would make it pay for itself in increased sales.

The Kaiser's Playing Cards

THAT unhung monster, William of Hohenzollern, is still allowed to while away the long evenings at Doorn with a friendly game of cards. But things are not as they used to be. In the old days when he was King and Emperor he used specially designed packs in which the kings were represented by the sovereigns of Italy, England, Russia, and his humble self. The queens included Helen of Italy, Mary of England, the Tsaritza, and his own spouse. The jacks were four German diplomats, and on the aces Mme. Robinne, Cecile Sorel, Gaby Deslys, and Cleo de Merode were depicted. These packs are now extremely rare, and fetch fancy prices among German collectors.

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BOOKS ABROAD

In Darkest London, by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. London: Stanley Paul; New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $1.75.

[Stephen Graham in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON, or J. K. Prothero, by which name I believe she is equally endeared, is a plucky woman who has done what comparatively few journalists nowadays are willing to do — suffered to get her copy. She has spent days and nights out in the streets of London as an outcast woman, trying what it really means to be without money, friends, or written character, in the midst of our Christian civilization. Evidently her heart guided her pen, and her experience was rather more than mere copy as we understand it.

In Darkest London tells an intimate story of the drab, from whose huddled form we avert our eyes in the daylight hours; of the trolloping match-seller, the used-up prostitute, the young park harlot, the respectable but not respected cast-out unmarried mother, and the rest, who for the time being or for the rest of their lives have no homes.

When a woman sinks she sinks lower than a man, is a bromide. We accept the idea peacefully. The incontinent spewing Embankment girl, who guffaws obscenity to a passing man at two in the morning, seems at first to have no counterpart on the male side. Mrs. Chesterton, however, makes the very valuable and surprising observation that so much more is done for the outcast man than for the outcast woman. The homeless woman is looked upon as if she were a criminal. She finds no hand outstretched to help her. The shelters which exist seem to be grudgingly provided; they are fewer in number and rougher than those provided for men. 'The centre and West End of London is served only by one licensed establishment, in Kennedy Court, Holborn . . . the like of which,' says Mrs. Chesterton, 'I could not have imagined. . . . My bed was hard, lumpy, and badly stained; the sheets obviously had been slept in many times. There was no washing accommodation in the room where I slept. . . . The man who goes to a public lodging-house is very differently placed. He can have a hot bath and, if he wishes, wash his shirt or pants and dry them in a hot-air closet in a few minutes. Woman, whose physical formation calls for more scrupulous cleanliness, is shut off from access to soap and water unless she is prepared to stand unpleasant conditions. . . . For the use of a soiled bed, cold water, and the lodging-house kitchen the charge is one shilling and twopence a night. This is an economic rent; eight and twopence a week for the use of a bed is sufficient to provide clean sheets, proper bathroom, and human conditions.'

It is really better to sell matches than to do work. Indulgent men in love, out with their girls, will sometimes give sixpence for a box as a romantic gesture. Women apparently are not very friendly to outcast women. They are much less ready to help than men. Mrs. Chesterton remarks on 'their very obvious belief in my utter worthlessness.' It is curious in this age of 'uplift' and feminism, the coldness of women toward their fallen sisters. Women seem to feel, 'After all, there are far too many of us; why should we stir ourselves on behalf of those who are probably no better than they should be?'

Mrs. Chesterton's book is one which ought to be put into the hands of hundreds — nay, thousands. It is revealing and educative, and it is sincere and genuine. I ought to add that, unlike other books of the kind, it is very well written. There is no padding, no verbal gloom. In fact, the book can be read from end to end as easily as a good novel.

La Catalogne et le Problème Catalan. By George Dwelshauvers. Paris: Alcan. 10 fr.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

SINCE the Spanish coup d'état of September 1923, when Primo de Rivera came into European prominence, and the Directory into being, more people outside Spain must have come to hear of the Catalan problem than can ever have known of it before. For years those four industrious and fertile provinces lying around Barcelona, their political centre, have been engaged in a contest with the Spanish Government for some degree of autonomy, and certain actions of the Directory, aimed undoubtedly against this movement, unhappily embittered Catalan feeling. Since then, prominent Catalan leaders have been away on holiday — 'lying abroad for the good of their country,' as the Directory would no doubt have put it, for they have spent some of their time in flooding those believed to be influential and sympathetic with pamphlets setting forth their grievances.

M. Dwelshauvers, during the last five years,

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has also been lying abroad, but this in a strictly unequivocal sense, for while he has been in charge of the Psychological Laboratory at Barcelona he has devoted his spare time to producing a most excellent little book, the laudable aim of which is not to discuss the Catalan problem but to give an all-round account of the people whose revivification has caused it — of their language, literature, arts, institutions, intellectual movements, and political and religious life. He leaves no doubt on which side are his sympathies, but it can truly be said that he writes with a great sense of justice, using 'objective observation' only, in his efforts to penetrate to the *esprit catalan*.

Rather than any other, a Frenchman is the person for this task. A Castilian or a Catalan would take sides; an Englishman or a German would necessarily be too far removed in sympathy from his subject unless he had spent a lifetime in Catalonia. But on either side of the Pyrenees the people have so much in common that a Frenchman, especially a Meridional, starts with at least some of the necessary material before ever he crosses into Spain.

M. Dwelshauvers has written avowedly to awake sympathy which he would be the last to identify with unreasoning support. Nor will many readers of his book so identify it. He has shown us a record of weakness mingled with strength, but above all he has shown us an immense fertility and activity which in the course of the next generation is morally bound to produce something that will not be forgotten. Therefore his book should be read, and read now, by those who wish to understand it when it comes.

My African Neighbors, by Hans Coudenhove. London: Jonathan Cape, 1926. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.50.

[*Observer*]

It is a pleasant variation on the garrulous globe-trotter to come across a man like Hans Coudenhove, who first went to Africa in 1896, and since 1898 has recrossed the equator only once, for a few hours in Jubaland, with the result that he has

> never seen an airplane, or a dirigible balloon, or a motor bus, or a taxicab, or a motor boat, or a wireless apparatus, or a cloud picture, or the president of a republic, or a portrait of Einstein, or a Bolshevik.

Not that the writer is ignorant, for he knows his Bernard Shaw and his Bergson, but he has had to concentrate on his immediate environment and feels peculiarly at home in it. Thus he tells us that, when he has pitched his tent close to a low tree, a small bird has often arrived in the evening after sunset and gone to sleep in the foliage for the night, keeping up the habit during the whole of his stay, confident that no wild animal will disturb its slumber. He has known no breed of animals in which the males do not show conspicuous courtesy to the females, and he believes the man who declared that he had seen in the Gabon a male gorilla peel a banana and then hand the fruit to his consort. His sense of kinship with animals makes him say that there is more affinity between Madame Melba and a nightingale than between Madame Melba and Isaac Newton.

Very interesting is the chapter on the Negro mind. He says that the black man does not look upon himself as being inferior to the white in consequence of the latter happening to be top dog. All are convinced that the white man's firearms are the chief instrument of his success.

Hans Coudenhove is a close observer, and, as such, makes a novel cicerone among his African neighbors of every kind. His book is fascinating in the extreme.

La Coutume en Epidaure, by François Poncetton. Paris: Editions du Siècle, 1926.

[Jean de Gourmont in the *Mercure de France*]

This is the most delicate and cruel pamphlet that a doctor has ever written on the subject of other doctors, of medicine, and of sick people with their appetite for miracles. 'You would be terrified,' he says, 'to see how ambitious dying people are. You are supposed to care for them, and they demand that you cure them. That is a mistake.' All medicine is based on this error, on this religion of hope. Let me quote some of the aphorisms from this little book so full of aristocratic irony: —

'Doubt is the only form of knowledge, but never let this fact appear.'

'We are not needed for any great length of time.'

'It is a great deception to boast of preventing sickness when one can flatter one's self by curing it.'

'Rosine and Marianne are studying the laws of medicine. That is a very roundabout way of finding out how to have children.'

This book will serve only to strengthen doctors in the feeling of power that they ought to have. As for sick people, nothing can extinguish their faith in the healer. The doctor always remains the village sorcerer. 'The sicker one is, the more one wants to be cured. And the nearer one is to death, the more confidence one has in one's doctor.'

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Sunlit Hours, by Sir Theodore Andrea Cook. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $6.00.

THIS autobiography is a welcome though unintentional companion volume to Colonel Miller's *Fifty Years of Sport* which appeared in this country last fall. Sportsman and editor, Sir Theodore Cook went to Radley and Oxford, where he was conspicuously good at games and therefore widely known and liked. On leaving the University he became secretary to Joseph Pulitzer and tutor to his eldest son. In this capacity he met many of the more prominent people in the States during the middle nineties. His observations on America are always quaint, and frequently illuminating. From the Pulitzer household, Sir Theodore jumped into journalism, ending up as editor of *Field*, a magazine of sport edited by gentlemen for gentlemen. His limitations, his charm, and his pathos are summed up in the following sentence from his preface: 'First-rate port, sound claret, the best peaches in the world, church on Sunday morning, an ordered and far from selfish leisure that enjoyed — without demand — the decent accessories of gentle living which has been its own from time immemorial: these things seem to be vanishing, many of them by reason of war taxation, most of them to the regret of the old school, and none of them much missed by the new generation.'

The Ninth Thermidor, by M. A. Aldanov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

HERE is a work of erudition which, at times, the author likes to oversell, a work of such careful and intelligent technique as to reward the reader for an apparent lack of artistic inspiration in all but a very few chapters — among which the superb character-portrait of Robespierre is the best. The book inescapably suggests how difficult it must be to write a really good historical novel, though its essential merit makes up for its lack of purely literary qualities. Under its easily readable form is a study of revolution in general, certainly worth reading, by a scholar with detachment and perspective who has himself lived through a great revolution, and who makes no secret of the fact — often disguised by others who know it just as well — that the enthusiastic and glorious superstitions which drape war and revolution so majestically in the eyes of distant observers do not survive closer scrutiny.

The Fringe of London, by Gordon S. Maxwell. Illustrated by Donald Maxwell. New York: Brentano's, 1926. $2.50.

THOSE who love their England and its countryside will be grateful for this collection of essays. Mr. Maxwell has tramped the rural neighborhood of London with his eye cocked for literary and historical landmarks. He follows John Gilpin's itinerary, he unearths Roman bricks, explains many place-names, and on Epsom Downs meets a gypsy girl to whom he gives a copy of *Lavengro*. Avoiding that ingratiating tone of the professional informal essayist, he squeezes many useful facts into his travel talks. The fringe of London is especially recommended to the traveler with leisure who wants to avoid the 'touristy' places.

This Charming Green Hat-Fair, by Barry Pain. New York: The Adelphi Company, 1926. $1.00.

HALFA GALE was twenty-three, and she had been married six times. She drove an Hispano-Ford, and wrote her name in lip-stick on the walls of bachelors' apartments. Mr. Barry Pain tells the story of this charming lady in a parody of Michael Arlen's style not so faithful as that once achieved in a little skit of Robert Benchley's. In this case, however, with a real story of his own to tell, the author is very wise not to fall too closely into Arlen's insufferably cheap mannerisms. The book is on the whole surprisingly readable, and contains more than a few flashes of genuine wit.

Kept, by Alec Waugh. New York: Albert and Charles Boni, 1925. $2.00.

IN the sight of Mr. Waugh, London is to-day a city marked by moral exhaustion and cynicism, where amours and liaisons are the rule and continence for either sex is a novelty. This stress on the seamy side of life, however, true as it may be of certain circles, gives a warped and biased picture of London life as a whole, and of that particular stratum of society that seems to fascinate the author. An instinct for genuine characterization, however, saves this book from being crude and disgusting.

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Ball Games at Midnight on America's Last Frontier

A SPARKLING, brilliant article on "The Social Arctic Circle" by Mary Lee Davis in the July Scribner's Magazine paints a curious picture of life on America's last frontier.

* * *

Although Alaska has reached headlines through the dog-team "race with death" and the North Pole flights, thousands of foolish questions are still being asked about the supposedly "frozen north" which supports temperatures of over ninety degrees in summer.

* * *

There are many chuckles, there is great beauty, there is much that is amazing in this story of our little-known possession.

* * *

Ball games at midnight, "all-night parties" as decorous as Sunday-School picnics, "the spring scandal," the ice-pool by which someone makes a fortune, free cold storage, novel ways of making ice cream, electric atmosphere — all these things make life colorful and various.

* * *

Read Mary Lee Davis's remarkable article in the July Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Are the summer schools time-wasters? There are over 300,000 people attending summer sessions this year. Are they merely dissipating their time in the mechanics of units and credits, or do these schools have a peculiar significance in American life?

* * *

Raymond Walters has made figures human "On the Summer-School Campus" in the July Scribner's.

* * *

In this 150th year of American independence read what the patriots talked about in their letters in 1776.

* * *

"The Spirit of Independence" by Arthur Hobson Quinn reveals, through hitherto unpublished letters, treason in the family of Francis Hopkinson, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

* * *

"The Biological Antecedents of Jesus" advances a most interesting theory as to why Jesus was born a Jew.

* * *

A special investigation of the parole and probation systems made for Scribner's Magazine reveals startling facts about the turning loose of criminals upon the public through the activities of uplifters and politicians.

* * *

Read "Rubber-Stamp Parole: Its Effect on Crime" by Boyden Sparkes.

* * *

Stories by Will James, cowboy-artist, Robert Sherwood, editor of "Life," Walter Gilkyson, Walter Edmonds, John Galsworthy.

* * *

Your July Scribner's is now on the newsstands. Watch for the big August Fiction number.

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